

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 13, 1942

## WHO'S WHO

CAMILLE M. CIANFARRA has been the Rome correspondent for the New York *Times* for about twelve years. He is an American citizen, having been born in Boston. During his many years in Rome, as a newsgatherer and reporter, he has been enabled to know and to establish friendly relations with Vatican officials. His reports to the New York *Times* have been accurate and authentic. Mr. Cianfarra left Italy about a month ago, and arrived recently in New York on the "diplomat ship," the Swedish liner *Drottningholm*. . . . ORDINANDUS covers the identity of a well known sociologist and writer who is being raised to the priesthood this month. He writes with great tact and reverence. . . . JOHN A. DE CHANT, Executive Assistant of the National Catholic Community Service, explains the organization of the U.S.O. and the N.C.C.S., named by the American Hierarchy as the official Catholic agency to meet the spiritual and recreational needs of soldiers and sailors. . . . JOHN WILTBYE writes of his samplings of military and civilian morale in the South and South-West. . . . CLARENCE FINLAYSON, of Chile, is on the faculty of Notre Dame University. His article was translated by MARIE MADDEN, educator and author. . . . SIGRID UNDSET, Nobel Prize winner, now residing in Brooklyn, discusses the truth that must underlie any worthwhile work of fiction. . . . THE POETS: Daniel J. Berrigan, of Poughkeepsie; Tom Boggs, of New York City; Sister Mary St. Virginia, of Clark College, Dubuque; Sara Van A. Allen, of New York City, and Sister M. Madeleva, of St. Mary's College, Holy Cross, Ind. The first is new, the others old friends whom we are happy to welcome back.

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# COMMENT

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THE FURY of the most terrific air-attack in history exploded in Cologne. 1,130 British bombers and other planes dropped upwards of 3,000 tons of incendiary and explosive bombs upon the city and its suburbs. Out of a population of 800,000 people, 24,000 were reported killed and 54,000 injured. These estimates are probably under the actual number of casualties. Refugees from Cologne were on their way to, or safely, in Essen. Within forty-eight hours, Essen and its people became an inferno under the incessant rain of bombs dropping from 1,036 British bombers and war-planes. How many people were killed, and how many were wounded is not definitely known. The toll of death must have been staggering. These tremendous raids have value in terms of war. They have, undoubtedly, destroyed factories producing war-material in Cologne and Essen. They have disrupted communications and the transit of war material to the Axis fronts. They may prove that Britain and the United Nations have at last achieved air-mastery over Germany. They carry the war into the heart of Germany and will do much to weaken the Nazi morale. They may, perhaps, shorten the war. There can be, however, in the heart of any lover of mankind, no joy over this monstrous killing and maiming of human beings, and there can be no boasting on the tongues of those who seek the good of humanity. There can be only sadness and regret that such atrocities must be, in modern warfare. It is no answer to say that Nazi brutality burst over England first and often, killing thousands upon thousands of children and women and non-combatants. Those raids on England were horrible and heartrending. They, too, had value in terms of war, as did the recent raids on Germany. Helpless and innocent children and women and non-combatants also were slaughtered in Cologne and Essen. We harden ourselves and suppress our human instincts by talking of these things as military necessities and overwhelming power and preludes to victory. But in the midst of such carnage and fire and destruction, we cannot still within us the evaluation of such deeds in terms of humanity and the spiritual. Such killings are sickening, even though they are needed to win ultimate victory. Even though war begets such pain, we still shudder at the fate of human beings and the brutality of war.

DISCUSSION of plans for the post-war world are already taking place. It is inevitable, of course, that those who are fighting a common foe should join in a common discussion, but it must be a discussion based on fundamental principles on which all agree. The statement of the four freedoms has made American and British agreement on those principles clear; one of them is the freedom of re-

ligion. Thus far, we have failed to notice any statement from the Soviet Government that it accepts this vital point. The organized Bolshevik attack on religion may be, for the time, in low gear, but that is a matter of expediency, not principle. Though it is too early to expect any specific details about a future peace, it is definitely not too early to expect from Russia an effective statement that she will discuss the peace on the basis of the four freedoms. If the State Department would concentrate on this point of diplomacy, it would be doing infinitely more toward unity among the United Nations than any freeing of perjured Communists could do in a month of Sundays.

SOCIAL-MINDED critics have long deplored the open contradiction between the liberal labor legislation of the Federal Government and its niggardly treatment of many of its own employees. Not only are many Government workers notoriously underpaid, especially those in the lower brackets, but about half of them are still compelled to work overtime without any added compensation. Through piecemeal legislation over the years, about 1,000,000 Federal employees now receive time and a half for all work in excess of forty hours a week, but an equal number receive no extra compensation whatsoever. This glaring inequality, which sometimes exists even between workers in the same agency, is, quite understandably, the cause of untold confusion and inefficiency, as well as a source of justified resentment. Pending before Congress are two bills (H.R. 6217 and S. 2150) which, if passed, promise to remove the worst injustices in the present system. Minimum wages of Federal employees would be raised from \$900 to \$1,200, and the provision of time and a half for work in excess of forty hours could be extended to all without discrimination. Both these bills, as the President wrote recently, should be taken from their respective pigeonholes and promptly passed.

STRANGE and almost forgotten, far-off things are creeping back into civilian life as war absorbs the greatest mechanical production in the world's history. Already, the renaissance of the bicycle has become evident on the emptying highways. Recently an advertisement appeared—not directed to the collectors of *curiosa* but to people who want to go farther than three gallons of gasoline will carry them—listing a selection of horse-drawn vehicles, starting at eighty-four dollars, F.O.B. If you remember them, you are old enough for a little nostalgic excitement: buckboards, braking carts, buggies, surreys, phaetons, victorias and mineolas, “by Brewster, McMurray, Healey and other famous



makers." Soon, perhaps, drivers will be forgetting carburetors, timers, cylinders, pistons and gear-shifts and studying up on breechings, martingales, hames and whiffletrees. Soon, in the garage, may be heard the rhythmic and soothing hissing of the groom as he currycombs the bays and the pleasant jingle of the brightly sanded curb-chains. All we need are some winding, sun-dappled roads with covering soft enough for the flashing hoofs of prancing cobs and the names Buick, Cadillac and Packard will be displaced by Brewster, McMurray and Healey.

WHEN peace finally comes, one of the major problems confronting the world will be family rehabilitation. Although our participation in the war on an all-out scale dates only from last December and we have not yet experienced those severe dislocations in our social life which are common in Europe, it is already apparent that traditional modes of living will be violently upset. Something of what may be in store for us is foreshadowed by the present employment practices in the aircraft industry. According to Frank J. Taylor, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 30, Lockheed and Vega, with 2,000 women already on the pay roll, are hiring 200 more every week. At the Inglewood plant of North American Aviation, Inc., 1,100 women are doing their bit "to keep them flying." And Douglas Aircraft expects to have no less than 40,000 of the fair sex working in its four plants before the end of the year. A majority of these women, surveys have revealed, are married, and very many of them leave children at home when they report for work at the factory. Ninety per cent of the first 500 women hired by Consolidated were wives of workers or of men in the armed forces. At Vultee, two-thirds are married, and sixty per cent have children. It has been estimated that by the end of 1942, 200,000 housewives will be working in this industry alone.

OBVIOUSLY, this large-scale employment of women in the aircraft industry carries a serious threat to family life among us. These women are making very good wages—in all the factories the same wage-scale is applied to both men and women—and may find it sorely difficult after the war to resume their household tasks and accept a lower standard of living. On the other hand, plant officials have expressed complete satisfaction with the efficiency of women-workers, and estimate that they can perform fifty per cent of the jobs in an aircraft factory as competently as men. In some tasks, notably those involving finger work, they have been judged superior to their husbands. Will management after the war be willing to let such efficient workers go? "Women," predicted an official at Consolidated Aircraft, "are in the airplane plants to stay." Well, maybe they are. But when the present emergency is over, if those among them who have husbands gainfully employed elect to pursue their industrial "careers," the American family will receive a staggering blow. It is important, all-important right

now, to build the planes needed to win the war, but in the long run, it is much more important to raise the families on which the strength and prosperity of the nation ultimately depend.

WITH remarkable unanimity, according to the International Pro Deo Correspondence, in every part of Latin America the Bishops are stating their position of opposition to Nazism. The Archbishop of Quito, Ecuador, wrote to the Argentine anti-Nazi Review *Orden Cristiano*: "It is a pleasure for me to manifest my cordial adherence to the initiative which unmasks the modern enemies of the Church who, with Satanic malice, are trying to make deserters and apostates, and not, as in former centuries, martyrs." Bishop Barrere, of Tucuman, Argentina, called for "a real crusade" to defend the Church and civilization against Nazism. The Archbishop of La Serena, Chile, referred to racism as "a heresy" and stated that he personally directed the anti-racist policy of his archdiocesan weekly. The Bishop of Lorena, Sao Paulo, Brazil, warned against "the enemy." Fifty-eight other bishops manifested this same anti-Nazi attitude in their letters to *Noticioso Catolico* (Buenos Aires), another Catholic anti-Nazi digest published with ecclesiastical approbation.

IT is not the work of the Church to provide complete solutions for social, political and economic problems. It is very definitely, however, the work of the Church to proclaim the religious and moral principles that should govern any such solutions. Furthermore, it is the Church's work, and the office of Catholic laymen, to urge insistently that the experts in these several lines should do their work in studying out and applying these principles and finding the answers to the practical questions. Don Luigi Sturzo, writing in *New Europe* for May, 1942, would bring public opinion strongly to bear upon "the politicians, statesmen, economists and scholars of the various countries now allied for the war," in order that they may bring forth "not merely general ideas, but thoroughly elaborated plans to which international attention may then be called." "This should be done now, during the war," says Don Sturzo, "in time, so that one will not have to do a hurried job at the last minute."

LATELY a friend of ours returned to what he calls "the good old simple way of life." Bewildered by the bloody strife of the present and the grim uncertainties of the future, he was gazing, it seems, from his window when his eyes fell on the tiny plot of ground that makes up his backyard. Into his troubled mind there came an idea with all the brightness of a revelation. Why not return to God's good earth and seek there strength of soul and clarity of mind? Surely our ancestors, the men and women who tamed the wilderness and fought the nation's wars, enjoyed no easy and placid existence. Perhaps, he pondered, they faced life's troubles

and dangers more courageously than we do because they had deeper roots in their native soil. Our autos, electric gadgets, cozy apartments and the thousand and one other conveniences of machine civilization have doubtless softened us and blurred the sharp, uncompromising outlines of life. Maybe we need the soil again, need the smell of it lying fallow in the warm summer sun and the feel of it in our uncalled fingers. Maybe we need to look at life with a spade in our hands instead of the wheel of an auto, before the crazy pieces of the modern puzzle fall into place again. So he reasoned that day looking from his window. Now his carrots are in the ground, and so are his beets and radishes. On his hands there are faint though unmistakable signs of callouses. Even his appetite, he assures his skeptical friends, is improved, and as for his soul, well, he now has a heart for any fate. To our urban minds, this all seems a bit preposterous, but we pass on the experience for what it is worth, or as another argument for starting your Victory garden before it is too late.

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MEXICAN Catholics were called upon by the Most Rev. Luis M. Martinez, Archbishop of Mexico and Apostolic Delegate, to support the Government in its war decision. He states:

As I have expressed on other occasions, according to the Catholic doctrine it rests with the civil government to indicate to a nation the attitude that it must assume in international affairs, and especially in conflicts with other nations; and when the competent authority, conforming to the laws, has fixed that attitude, Catholics must submit to it and second it, unless it is evidently contrary to conscience; for in case of doubt we must be with the civil government.

Therefore, Catholics must put to one side personal ideals, however well founded they may seem to us, in order to submit to the dispositions given out by the civil authorities.

This is demanded by duty and by patriotism, a profoundly Christian virtue that imposes unity and harmony in these moments so grave for our fatherland.

The Archbishop, nevertheless, insists that charity must be preserved and appeals to the patronage of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

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WHILE the purpose of the Japanese attack on our Alaskan naval and air base at Dutch Harbor is, as we go to press, still obscure, the raid itself tends to confirm the end of our traditional policy of isolation. The wholesale sinking of our ships off the East Coast has already showed us that the Atlantic no longer provides insulation from shocks originating in Europe. Now, in a small but dramatic way, we see that even the spacious waters of the Pacific are no protection against attack from the skies. Modern invention has caught up with us, and the security which our geographical position gave us and which has been so largely responsible for our material prosperity, is now jeopardized by the plane and the submarine. The day of national security based on isolation, geographical or otherwise, seems to be over.

THE WAR. President Roosevelt requested Congress to recognize existence of a state of war with Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary, countries which had previously declared war on the United States. The Senate and the House, without a dissenting vote, adopted resolutions declaring war on the three Axis satellites. . . . Legislation was introduced in the House for 500 new warships and 800 auxiliary craft, to cost \$8,300,000,000. The measure does not call for a single new battleship, but for aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, escort vessels. . . . Mexico declared war on Germany, Italy and Japan, bringing the total of United Nations belligerents to twenty-eight. . . . Addressing West Point graduates, General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, declared that "American soldiers will land in France." The American army, he said, would number 4,500,000 by the year's end. . . . Launched were the destroyers *Charette* and *Hudson*. . . . Axis submarines, operating in the Atlantic and Caribbean areas, sank seventeen United Nations merchant vessels. Four of the ships sunk were British, nine American, the others being Panamanian, Brazilian, Norwegian. . . . Brazilian and United States flyers sank three Axis submarines off the coast of Brazil. . . . Japanese warships, it was disclosed, sank early in April eighteen United Nations cargo ships in the Bay of Bengal, one of the vessels being an American ship. . . . The submarine which attacked the United States destroyer *Blakeley* was sunk by an American flying boat. . . . United States Army heavy bombers, based in India, staging raids on Burma, sank one enemy tanker, damaged others at Rangoon; inflicted heavy damage on the Myitkyina airfield in northern Burma, started huge fires at the Mingaladon airdrome. . . . Three midget Japanese submarines entered the harbor at Sydney, Australia, and were destroyed. . . . General MacArthur's airmen in the Southwest Pacific staged five raids on Rabaul, New Britain, started large fires in wharf areas. In the Solomon Islands, the Allied sky fighters destroyed a Japanese flying boat, bombed installations, destroyed one large warehouse, started one fire visible for eighty miles which wrecked fuel dumps, wharves, buildings. . . . Allied aerial assaults on Timor demolished Japanese barracks, scored direct hits on military establishments. One Allied plane failed to return. . . . Raiding New Guinea, the Allied pilots damaged a runway at Salamaua, another at Lae, shot down two Japanese Zero fighters, damaged two others, with the loss of one of their planes. . . . At Port Moresby, the Allies shot down seven Nipponese planes, destroyed or damaged twelve others, with the loss of three Allied planes. . . . Four Japanese bombers, fifteen fighters attacked Dutch Harbor, Alaska, in the early morning of June 2, with little damage resulting. A second enemy flight six hours later dropped no bombs. . . . On June 4, a Nipponese assault on Midway Island was repulsed with damage to an enemy battleship and aircraft carrier. A heavy toll of Japanese carrier-based planes was taken. . . . In the Southwest Pacific, an American submarine sank a transport, two supply ships.



PROTESTS from Catholic sources such as those uttered at the Birmingham Convention by the Most Rev. Thomas J. Toolen, Bishop of Mobile, against the proposal of the Treasury Department to tax bequests to churches, charities and colleges are being echoed in non-Catholic circles. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. has petitioned the President of the United States, Congress and the House Ways and Means Committee to reject such a proposal as it would, if enacted into law, "threaten the existence of our colleges, hospitals, charities and benevolence boards of the church." The Presbyterian petition acutely points out that "such a proposal suggests the intrusion of a new type of social and economic planning under cover of war demands; for such a tax could not be immediately available, for a period of eighteen months is allowed for the payment of State taxes which would make any revenue for 1942 or 1943 unavailable."

IMPACT of the war on the cost and circulation of the Catholic press was discussed in the magazine section at the Convention of the Catholic Press Association of the United States in Birmingham, Ala. Simon Baldus, Editor of *Extension* magazine, Chicago, and the Rev. Hyacinth Blocker, O.F.M., Editor of the *St. Anthony Messenger*, Cincinnati, surveyed problems facing Catholic magazines today. Said Father Blocker: "In view of the sharp rise in employment and wages, Catholic magazines now have their best opportunity to expand and strengthen their circulations." He added, however, that "during the chaotic post-war period of reconstruction our Catholic magazines will have their Corridor." "Each publication," he said, "should begin making definite plans to meet the lean years ahead." At this same convention, A. J. Wey, of the *Catholic Universe Bulletin*, Cleveland, was elected President of the C.P.A. A report by the Director of the N.C.W.C. News Service pointed out that Catholic papers are increasing in number and circulation despite present-day trials.

IN its resolutions the Catholic Press Association offered its "support to the Negro in his problems, urging justice in regard to his employment in our war effort, facilitating as much as possible his willingness to defend our American traditions." An address delivered by the Rev. Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., Dean of the School of Philosophy, Xavier University, New Orleans, on the topic, "The Negro Question North and South," was so warmly applauded that he was forced to return. "The time has come," said Dr. Murphy, "for us to realize the place of the Negro in American Democracy." "Being here in America, and having contributed so much to America," Dr. Murphy declared, "the Negro should be treated as an American." He urged that the Catholic press should be foremost in protesting against injustices whenever they occur.

WHEN genuine scholars are in question, a very different spirit is seen from that shown by local school magnates and political agitators. The editor

of the *Dictionary of Theology*, a Protestant publication, Vergilius Ferm of the College of Wooster, Ohio, has invited the Very Rev. Dr. Raphael M. Huber, O.M.C., to contribute the articles pertaining to the Papacy and to such matters as the Counter-Reformation and the Inquisition. Father Huber is associate Professor of Church History of the School of Sacred Theology at the Catholic University of America and was formerly English confessor at St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. This summer he will preside over the provincial chapter meetings of the Friars Minor Conventual in this country. Judging by his past record, he will do a good job with those encyclopedia articles.

SIX priests are now employed regularly in delivering religious broadcasts in the Diocese of Harrisburg. Their talks reach out into the heart of the "un-churched" regions in that part of Pennsylvania, bringing an ever-increasing harvest of conversions to the Catholic Faith. Announcement this year by the Most Rev. George L. Leech, Bishop of Harrisburg, that converts would not be required (owing to war conditions) to follow the usual custom and come to the Cathedral for their Confirmation, was followed by a deluge of protests that they were coming anyway.

ONE of the striking effects of the Harrisburg broadcasts is the number of letters received from persons in strongly Protestant sections, begging for information about Catholicism but requesting, for fear of reprisals or interference at home, that their identity be kept secret. In one typical instance a young woman created consternation by announcing to her family that she contemplated entering the Catholic Church. Immediately her five blood-uncles were summoned, from New Jersey, Ohio and other points. Like Job's friends, they exhorted her night and day, using every pressure from threats to cajolery and abuse. After a couple of days the young woman asked them: "Well, have you finished? Every time you spoke, and every argument you used, has driven me closer to the Catholic Church." She is now a devoted apostle of her new found Faith.

MORE and more Catholic churches are adopting plans for uniting the home parishioners with members of the parish who are away in the armed forces. Nothing can bring more forcibly to people's minds the living reality of the Communion of Saints, the mystical union of all baptized souls in Christ. Monsignor Edward Roberts Moore, pastor of New York City's oldest parish, Saint Peter's in Barclay Street, enrolls through small printed cards, the parishioners and the thousands of business people who attend services in a Union of Prayer and a "Perpetual Novena of Masses for the temporal and eternal well-being of the living and dead members of the Armed Forces of the United States and for Peace with Victory." For the duration of the war, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered at eight o'clock each weekday morning for the intentions submitted by the members.

# THE VATICAN RESISTS THE PRESSURE OF THE FASCISTS

CAMILLE M. CIANFARRA

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[*PERMISSION to reprint the following article has been courteously granted by the President of the New York Times Company, Arthur Hays Sulzberger. The report of Mr. Cianfarra was published in the New York Times, June 4, 1942. Since the exclusive rights were held by that newspaper, it was thought that it might not be carried in its entirety by newspapers in other sections of the country. Besides, the report seemed such an important document on the Vatican attitude at the present time that it should be called to the attention of all our readers, despite the fact that AMERICA does not republish printed material. Editor.*]

SINCE Italy's intervention in the war the relations between the Vatican and the Fascist Government have become increasingly strained as a result of Premier Benito Mussolini's policy of curbing the temporal activity of the Pope.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the Pope today is a prisoner in the Vatican, as was Pope Benedict XV during the first World War. Yet the fact remains that many important clauses of the 1929 Lateran Treaty between the Holy See and Italy that were drawn with the specific aim of safeguarding the temporal independence of the Pontiff were systematically violated when they did not fit in with Signor Mussolini's plans.

The geographical position of the Vatican State, in the heart of Italian territory, makes this policy easy to pursue. Signor Mussolini has many means with which to disturb the temporal life of the tiny State and is taking full advantage of them to apply pressure to the Pontiff in an effort to win the moral support of the Catholic Church for the Axis.

## YUGOSLAV MINISTER OUSTED

When Italy and Germany invaded Yugoslavia in April, 1941, the Yugoslav Minister to the Holy See was ordered to leave Italy. He protested that he intended to take up residence in the Vatican, where quarters were already being prepared for him. He pointed out that an article of the Concordat clearly specified that members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See might reside within the Vatican grounds. In reply, the Italian Government ordered him to leave Italy within twenty-four hours. A strong protest by the Papal Secretariat of State failed to alter this decision.

Another example of Fascist tactics occurred soon

after Italy's intervention in the war. The Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano* was limited by Signor Mussolini almost exclusively to religious news. The fault of that newspaper, in the eyes of Fascisti, was the printing of impartial dispatches which, by their very fairness, contradicted those appearing in the Italian press.

For a few days the *Osservatore Romano* continued its editorial policy of absolute impartiality. As a result every issue was seized as soon as it came out, and Italians who asked for it at newsstands found waiting Blackshirts who clubbed them on the charge of being traitors.

The Church has been humiliated in Italy, its clergy having the alternatives of cooperating with the Fascisti or going to concentration camps. Scores of parish priests are now in such camps or in jail as "defeatists" because they refused to support the Fascist warlike propaganda and insisted on preaching peace and forgiveness instead of "hatred," as Signor Mussolini had ordered.

## SITUATION WORSE

The situation has become worse in the past year, or, to be exact, since August, 1941, when Pope Pius refused to come out in favor of the Axis war against Bolshevik Russia. Signor Mussolini, this writer learned from reliable Vatican circles, suggested that the Pontiff sanction what the Fascist press termed the "Christian crusade against the Russian atheists." Pope Pius, however, refused to commit himself. His silence showed more significantly than anything else up to that time the grave concern of the Church over a possible Nazi victory in Europe.

As a result the Vatican is now regarded as an enemy by the Axis. Its representatives are watched as closely as the agents of a hostile power. Italian spies are inside the Vatican grounds and report to the OVRA [Italian secret police] on the activities of the residents. The Pope has been compelled to adopt a rationing system, Vatican mail is being censored and Italians who have contacts with the Vatican personnel are shadowed and questioned.

An open breach between Italy and the Holy See has been avoided by the fact that the Catholic Church always tries to compromise on temporal questions as long as the tenets of the Faith are not menaced, and because Signor Mussolini is fully aware of the world-wide moral power of the Church.

As a result, official and unofficial Vatican circles



have been making increasingly clear, as the war progresses, that the Church sees in a democratic victory over the totalitarian states its only chance of avoiding an era of persecution.

In many of his speeches Pope Pius has left no doubt as to what he regards as the "evil forces" of the world. He has not, of course, come out openly in favor of an Anglo-American victory, for, in keeping with the traditional policy of the Church, he must preserve at least a semblance of impartiality. But those who can read between the lines have now a clear idea of his attitude.

The *Osservatore Romano* recently printed a series of articles illustrating the Pontiff's ideas for "a just and permanent peace" which may be regarded as official, in view of the fact that they were written in accordance with instructions issued by the Papal Secretariat of State.

As Italy is about to enter her third war year, the ideological conflict between the Italian ruling class and the national clergy is becoming more apparent. Although highly patriotic, the Italian priest regards Fascism as a natural enemy of the Church because of its subservience to and alliance with neopagan Nazism.

#### FAITH COMES FIRST

The clergy know that, should the Axis win the war, the Church will be dealt with by the conquerors as an enemy. They believe that the spreading of the Catholic Faith and the survival of the Church come before patriotic feeling, and, though disciplined and obsequious to the lay authorities, they confine their mission mainly to alleviating the sufferings of the masses.

The priest's mission is made easier by the fact that the majority of the people have shown no enthusiasm for Italy's participation in the war. After years of conflict in Ethiopia and Spain, the Italians felt a strong desire for peace.

This attitude still prevails today. It explains the apathy of the army, the "civil disobedience" at home and why Signor Mussolini was forced in one of his speeches to advocate a policy of "hatred." The priest who preaches peace is regarded as a friend by the masses.

Unlike during the first World War, the Vatican today has means with which to make its attitude clear throughout the Catholic world. Pope Benedict XV was to some extent criticized by both belligerent factions during the 1914-18 war.

This, Vatican circles told the writer, was due to the fact that the Pontiff's speeches were distorted to suit the conveniences of the Governments of the belligerent countries, with the result that the Catholics received a false impression of his attitude.

#### POPES INFLUENCE AT PEAK

Pope Pius today is in a much happier position. He is able through the Vatican radio station to speak directly to all Catholics. The possibility of misunderstandings has thus largely been eliminated.

Pope Pius's moral influence over the Italian people is greater today than at any other time during

his pontificate. Copies of his speeches advocating peace and a new world order sell by the hundreds of thousands. The popular interest is so great that the *Osservatore Romano*, with its forcibly limited circulation, has been found, unfortunately, totally inadequate.

To remedy this situation, a number of parish priests decided to publish a sheet they called the *Parola del Papa* [Word of the Pope]. This small newspaper, which appears only when the Pope makes a speech, started a year ago with a circulation of 5,000 copies. Today it has reached a circulation of about 200,000 and is expected to top the half billion before the end of this year.

The *Parola del Papa* is sent to parish priests throughout Italy, who distribute it among the faithful. In this way the masses have been kept fully informed of the activity of the Pope, and the favorable reaction of the people to his entreaties for peace has given the Church an accurate picture of the national feeling toward the conflict. Petty Fascist hierarchs in small provincial towns and villages have attempted to stop the distribution of this newspaper.

The Vatican has repeatedly protested against arrests of priests as "defeatists." It considered this an arbitrary action on the part of the Fascist Government, basing its arguments on the 1929 Lateran Treaty. The protests have gone unheeded, however.

This and many other instances of flagrant violation of the Concordat, both in Italy and in Germany, are responsible for the feeling today among the Italian clergy that only a peace dictated by a victorious United States will enable the Church to carry on its mission unimpeded throughout the Catholic world. This belief is strengthened by the knowledge of the satisfactory way in which the Church is thriving in the United States, as contrasted with conditions in the Axis countries.

#### PRELATE QUOTED

"The Church regards Nazism as its real enemy," said a high Vatican prelate—who cannot be further identified for obvious reasons—to this correspondent less than a month ago.

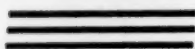
"Atheist Bolshevism is less preoccupying for the reason that, although it has forcibly eliminated God, man cannot live without believing in a superior being. On the other hand, Nazism has replaced God with a pagan theory which, though it does not meet his spiritual needs, yet gives him something to look up to.

"When the time of reconstruction comes it will be more difficult for the Church to eradicate the false neo-pagan theory of the Nazis from the consciousness of the masses than to instil in the soul of the atheist the belief in God, for this belief will answer a natural craving of man's soul, while the neo-pagan masses may not feel it equally strongly."

The Italian clergy, he continued, who are aware of this danger, advocate victory in sermons and preachings, but they are always careful to specify "a victory for the common good"—that is, for the good of Christianity. This, he said, would not obtain in the event of an Axis victory.

# WHAT A MAN THINKS BEFORE ORDINATION

## ORDINANDUS



MANY a layman has wondered what is in the mind of a young man who is on the eve of ordination. Much pseudo-pious and sentimental nonsense has been written about young priests and their ordination, and since it has been written by and for laymen I feel almost obliged to jot down these few personal reflections. Mind you, I am speaking only for myself. There may exist some about to be ordained who are at this moment poetic and dreamy about their approaching priesthood. If there are such men, I am not acquainted with them. By all odds, I do not understand them.

In the years that I have looked forward to this pre-ordination period, I always thought that it would be a hectic, troublesome time, filled with scruples about my unworthiness. The opposite is true. I cannot explain it except that God gives me a special grace to remain calm even while I realize the tremendous responsibility of the office. That is supernatural. On the natural side there is the strength and clarification and knowledge coming from my technical theological training of the last few years.

When I strongly object to a gushing sentimentality about ordination, I do not think that I lack appreciation of the wonder of the priesthood. Christ never said: "Blessed is he who dreams and who prettily twines garlands of words around the realities of My redemption." He did promise a place close to Himself to those who *do* things for Him, who are active, energetic, enthusiastic, alive, in serving Him. This is the wonder of the priesthood: that God gives me a chance to live and work as another Christ in bringing men (myself first of all) to eternal salvation.

Only a dour and unimaginative person would fail to thrill at the awesome mystery of the altar, at the utterly Divine power of the Sacraments he is allowed to administer. But only a lyrical fool would mistake the thrill of the priesthood for its substance. I hope that I recognize the substance. I am looking forward to several decades of sublime spiritual activity, but I am also keeping a fond eye on the moment of death when, I believe, Christ welcomes priests in a special way. There is a way of keeping one's feet on the hard ground even while one's mind is turned to the supernatural. The sainted parish priest of Ars, together with a thousand others, has done it.

I do not think it will be an easy job. A priest is in a key position, and to hold it he has to be a spiritual cut above the rank and file. When a bridge collapses, the chief engineer takes the blame; when an industrial problem arises, the technical expert is called in. What these men are in their fields, the

priest is in the business of bringing men to God and God to men. I know—and most of the laity knows—that as a priest I must lead the flock, not follow it; and I expect that the devil will try to dislodge me first, and then the others.

The idea of being a professional man of God intrigues me. To be unworldly while in constant contact with the world is a challenge, but in no otherwise can I claim to be living up to my profession. That surgeon is a humbug who lives in such a way that his hand trembles at the moment of incision. The priest who would imagine that he could edify people by imitating them, by being a general good fellow and the life of the party, would be to my mind a farce. Perhaps I am too harsh in saying that, but it is an opinion I had even before studying a seminary course. All I know is that it would not work for me.

That word "edify" is much in my thoughts at this time. Everyone knows that its fundamental meaning is "to build"; and I intend to raise a spiritual edifice of three stories, one for God, one for myself, one for my fellowmen. God and I will work together and, in a sense, everything I do will be a "build-up" for Him. He supplies the plans and specifications while I try to work them out with stones and mortar, hoping all the while not to botch the work too much. He will be lending a hand all the time; and I can safely and cheerfully leave it at that.

But the other people in the world bear watching. While I alone am ultimately responsible for my success or failure, they will largely condition both my attitude and my effort. It is in the midst of people, not on some lonely mountain peak, that I must be divinely poor, chaste and obedient. Shall I envy and imitate them? I think not, even though in this time of world distress and crisis there is a constant pull toward "living for the present moment."

Least of all would I consider the priesthood as an escape from the realities of life, a refuge from the hard, grubbing existence which so many men endure. Some of my friends are already more than moderately successful in their business and professional careers; and I do not feel that I would have been less successful in the same fields. It is not with a martyr's sigh that I have "given up" that career. I have simply supplanted it with one I value more highly.

But what about those other things which priests are popularly supposed to have sacrificed with a kind of exalted groaning and travailing of spirit? Bluntly, I am referring to romantic love, marriage, children, the joys of the hearthside and family life in general.

My brother, for example, is completely absorbed in his vocation as the head of a family. He realizes that for him temporal happiness and eternal salvation lie in the intensive pursuit of that magnificent calling, and he does not glance my way, pining over the fact that he cannot celebrate Mass. I believe that my attitude toward him is just as sensible. I admit to no emotional regret because I shall not have my children's children around me in my old age. Neither of us would change places with the



other. I do not overestimate his state of life, nor do I deprecate it. It has its own precious Sacramental glory.

Finally, and above all, I am mightily encouraged when I think of the true inner freedom enjoyed by the priest. The so-called "burdens" of the priesthood vanish when I consider the petty and voluntary thralldom in which so many men and women

are living. God designed no greater natural gift for human beings than the right to dedicate one's liberty of will to Divine purposes. If I may adapt a thought from Pierre Charles, I have piled my baggage by the wayside, and without looking back or counting it, I am going down the road of life singing softly to myself the glorious *Magnificat* of a freed soul.

# THE U.S.O. MEETS EMERGENCY TASK WITH UNITED AID OF ALL FAITHS

JOHN A. DE CHANT

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WHEN the armed services opened their ranks to absorb unending thousands of young Americans into uniform for the defense of our country, and when what are now the war industries stepped up production to meet the needs of national defense, the sudden mobilization of manpower brought with it tremendous problems to the nation, and, correspondingly, to the Catholic Church.

Thousands and thousands of young men were swept from their normal life and the wholesome surroundings of their own home, church, parents and friends, into the grim, hard-bitten existence of military life. Whole regiments of Catholic men left the cities where a church with all its influence was within walking distance, to go into camps and naval stations that were sometimes more than fifty miles from the nearest town—let alone a church.

And there were other problems equally as grave as the dearth of religious facilities which had to be met—and quickly.

Loneliness, monotony and boredom became the paramount enemies of our burgeoning peace-time Army and Navy. During their off-duty hours, the towns near camps and naval stations had little or nothing to offer the men in the service. The men had no chance for wholesome entertainment and recreation, principally because a town of 5,000 people, or any normal peace-time community, could not possibly cope with an influx of ten to twenty thousand soldiers and sailors on a week-end.

When the service man went into town for an evening or for a weekend leave, all he found was a plenitude of honky-tonks, cheap dives, beer parlors, dime-a-dance halls, the civilian cold-shoulder and an aggressive army of camp-followers. And for variety, there were cozy doorways to sleep in after an enjoyable day of sitting on curbstones and holding up lamp posts.

That is not over-painting the picture at all. For a complete and more disillusioning story of what

America then had to offer its men in uniform, ask any boy who went into the Army in the first batch of selectees.

The Army and Navy were doing what they could for the men while they were inside camp but their efforts in this respect were handicapped for a long time by the pangs of sudden growth. Beyond that, men who spend a grueling week in a training camp have no yen to spend their short hours of leave there too. Like every other American they want to "get away from it all" once in a while.

Summing up the situation in 1940 and early 1941, it looked like this: service morale was taking a bad beating on the home front with an even more difficult situation in prospect as the ranks of the Army and Navy grew into the millions.

Who was going to take over the gigantic task of looking after Private John Yank and Seaman Joe Sailor on his off-duty hours? Their spiritual, recreational and moral welfare had to be taken care of quickly, and adequately, or the whole war effort was in danger of falling flat on its face. As General George Marshall, Chief of Staff, put it: "No matter how fine your equipment, no matter how abundant, if you don't have morale, you'd better save your money."

Who could perform the task? Who was best equipped to handle it? The Government? No! And it was quick to say so. Also, if the Government took it over, it would smack strongly of regimentation—precisely what the nation was preparing to defend itself against.

Moreover, it was a problem that was strongly spiritual in nature and Americans of this generation are no more willing than their ancestors to leave the instilling of spiritual values to the Government.

There was only one adequate answer—the private welfare agencies. They had done a good job in the last war and could do it again. They had made

some mistakes. The private agencies were ready to repeat the good job but not the mistakes.

When the roll was called of those who had served the forces in a welfare capacity in World War I, the following agencies were ready and equipped to do a repeat performance this time: the Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Board, the National Travelers Aid Association, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. and the National Catholic Community Service which had just been designated for the coordination of Catholic defense activities.

Even before the problem had bubbled out of its well-spring, the Bishops of the country had seen its manifold implications and the immediate need for meeting them on a scale in tempo with the times.

At their 1940 General Meeting, the Archbishops and Bishops named the National Catholic Community Service as the official Catholic agency to meet the spiritual and recreational needs growing out of the then rapidly expanding military and industrial mobilization for national defense. In this capacity, the N.C.C.S., as it is now familiarly known, became the official Catholic war service agency which had as its task the coordination and the direction of the entire resources of the Catholic Church in America.

As the picture took shape, here were the private agencies ready to re-enter the field of welfare, recreation and entertainment for men in uniform. Following numerous and careful discussions on the plan of action, five agencies, the N.C.C.S., the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the J.W.B. and the Salvation Army incorporated in February, 1941, as the United Service Organizations for National Defense. Soon after, the National Travelers Aid Association became the sixth member agency of the U.S.O.

The six agencies banded together for very sound reasons—principally joint national fund raising and to offer a program to the men in uniform that would be based on the utilization of the best in experience and manpower that these agencies had gained in years of service to American youth.

The U.S.O., as it is now constituted, was designated by the Government as the organization which, with its constituent agencies, would be responsible as the civilian group to care for the "religious, spiritual, welfare and educational needs of the men and women in the armed forces and the defense industries of the United States, and in general, to contribute to the maintenance of morale in American communities. . . ."

There is general accord on the fact that, in entrusting this task to the U.S.O. and its member agencies, the Federal Government exemplified the finest American tradition; principally because the religious and spiritual objectives of the U.S.O., as asserted in its constitution, differentiate the U.S.O. from other war service agencies, and because its program gives the constituents of its member agencies a place in the whole war-service field which could not be adequately filled by any other organization now in existence.

So it is that the U.S.O. and its six agencies are now handling the off-duty, out-of-camp welfare and recreational work for the hundreds of thousands of

soldiers, sailors, marines and air men now in the United States and its possessions. It works hand-in-hand with the Army and Navy on all matters, as well as with the Federal Security Agency which ties together local community activities of health, welfare and recreation related to defense.

Today the National Catholic Community Service is in action in thirty-nine States, the District of Columbia, and has personnel overseas in Alaska, Trinidad, Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Canal Zone.

The N.C.C.S. has a personnel roster of more than 500, sixty-five of whom are members of the national headquarters staff located at the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C. The remainder operate the 180 clubhouses of the U.S.O. and operations designated for supervision by the N.C.C.S.

To meet the challenge of the emergency, the Bishops of the country urge Catholic leaders in all walks of life to head and weld together this war-time adjunct of the Church and to serve in carrying out its philosophy and program of operation.

While a new organization by name, the National Catholic Community Service is actually carrying on the tradition of service to God and country so capably demonstrated by the National Catholic War Council during World War I and perpetuated in peacetime by the nationally and internationally acclaimed National Catholic Welfare Conference.

In fact the N.C.C.S. is headed by a Board of Trustees composed of the Archbishops and Bishops elected by the Bishops of the United States to serve on the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Archbishop Edward Mooney of Detroit is President of the Board. A Governing Committee of three members acts for the Board of Trustees, *ad interim*. This Committee is composed of Archbishop Mooney, Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, of New York and Bishop John A. Duffy, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Chairman of the Executive Committee is Francis P. Matthews, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, and a charter member and one of the three vice-presidents of the U.S.O.

The administration of the far-flung N.C.C.S. program is under the direction of Dr. Franklin Dunham, the Executive Director. Dr. Dunham was for more than a decade the educational director and consultant on religious programs for the National Broadcasting Company. He was granted a leave of absence from this post to serve as head of the N.C.C.S. at the request of the Board of Trustees.

Today, this organization is the spearhead of the Catholic Church's war-time program. By its mobility, its aggressiveness and its scope, by its community contacts and relationships in hundreds of cities, and, most important of all, by its contact with more than one million service men a month, the National Catholic Community Service today is helping to keep the promise of President Roosevelt when he said: "We shall preserve for them wherever they may be, and without regard to race, creed or color, the moral and spiritual values of the democratic ideals and freedoms for which they are now fighting."



# PATRIOTISM LIVED— NOT TALKED ABOUT

JOHN WILTBYE

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IN the heart of wind-swept El Paso, that Texan Cumberland Gap, I saw a young Army officer, peering up and down the street. Very likely, I mused, he is making some practical application of a principle he learned in class last week; perhaps he is calculating the angle of fire, or asking how those intersecting streets could be most quickly barricaded against the enemy. Suddenly he turned to me, and spoke. "Sir," he inquired, "isn't there a five-and-ten-cent store somewhere in this neighborhood?"

Evidently his thoughts were more pacific than my own, for few things can be more peaceful than a shopping-tour in the five-and-ten. After wandering through the South-West last month, and talking with boys from the different services, I have concluded that this youngster in El Paso is a fair sample of the pack. I can hardly lay claim to a countenance that invites confidences, and so I must conclude that the boys who accosted me were either so lonesome that they would have engaged a Gorgon in conversation, or just plain good-natured chaps who thought that I needed cheering up. However this may be, they talked, and following their lead, I talked, and I must report our talk was most distinctly not of war.

I found none straining at the leash to get at Hitler. I did not come across even one, officer or in the ranks, whose face grew pale and tense, as he spoke of vengeance for Pearl Harbor. Except for comments on the food, usually favorable, and remarks, not so favorable, about sergeants, they did not talk shop.

But what did they talk about?

Well, about the weather, and how it differed from that to which they had been accustomed; about baseball, and what were the chances for the Dodgers or the Cardinals, the Indians or the Yankees; pungently about politics, and tenderly about the folks at home. Very many of them talked about religion, how they were beginning to take an interest in it, or how much more it now meant to them. They talked about what most of us talk about, with one very notable exception. They did not talk about the war.

But they are terribly in earnest about this war. I think they are so much in earnest about it that they have no time to talk about it. A man who is busy at his job does not take time out every hour or two to pick up the telephone and tell his wife how much he loves her. His work tells her that. He would be annoyed if she fell into the habit of calling him away from his desk or machine to inform him, borrowing a line from Mrs. Micawber, that she will never, never desert him. Some of the

strongest and tenderest things in life, love, and loyalty, and truth, we take for granted, when we get to know one another well, and what is deepest in our hearts does not easily come to our lips. I think this is true of the soldiers I met last month, out in the great open spaces.

They are not flaunting their love of their country. They are living it. Those who left their homes, and the beginnings of success in business or in a profession, are not whining about their sacrifice. Many a lad has left something far dearer to his heart than these. Back home is a girl as brave as he. They may see each other again, or they may have parted forever. His last place on this earth may be an unknown grave in some far-off land. The ship that will carry him away may never reach port.

Do the boys think of this? "Would you like to see this, sir?" shyly said more than one husky youth, as he pulled out a wallet. I always liked to see it, for I always knew what it was: a little photograph of the girl back home. A plain face, I would think, but made beautiful by the love reflected from the boy's eyes.

"She's lovely, son, and I can see how sweet and good she is. Always try to be worthy of her." What empty banality! He wouldn't be worthy of her, if he were not in camp. He knows that better than I. She does too.

But there are married lovers, too, in the army. One night in the lobby of an hotel, I met a lieutenant, in his early forties, recently drawn from civil life because of his knowledge of the manufacturing and engineering side of aviation. He was in town on a weekend furlough, and he was distinctly blue. The blues lifted a bit as at dinner we discussed friends in common in New York, Tennessee and California (we Americans are surely nomads), and then we adjourned to his room for a cigar.

The first object I noted there was a small leather triptych on his dresser. From the center panel, the quiet, serene face of a young woman, with a baby in her arms, looked out. On the left was a small boy, pug-nosed and, I wager, freckled; on the right, a darling little girl with her doll. "My wife," he said, proudly, and a bit wistfully. "My youngsters." If, after he got in bed that night, there was a sigh, another, and . . . well,

The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring.

With parents, too, I talked. Out in Arizona, I saw a tall old man at a railway station, with his arms about his yet taller soldier-son. As the signal was given for the train to pull out, he kissed the boy full on the mouth. He was not saying good-bye to a strapping, powerfully-built young fellow, but to a little boy of three or four, running down the path to meet his daddy as he came home from work. There were tears in the old man's eyes, as he stumbled away; perhaps in the boy's too; certainly in mine. "My last boy," he said. "But it will be all right."

There is nothing wrong about the morale of the people; at least, not in the South-West. Make no mistake about that.

Here is a story that I heard from fathers and mothers in various parts of that great region at least a dozen times. "We hated war. We always will. We didn't want to get into this war, and we did everything we could to keep the country out of war. For what we did, we're not apologizing to anybody. If an American can't say right out what he believes the country ought to do, but has to take his orders about what he thinks and says, how does this country differ from Germany and Russia? I hear that back where you come from, you're going to punish everybody who tried to keep us out of war. I don't think we'll do that down here.

"But now that we're in the war, we are in it to the end. We'll give our money, and our work, and our sons. It's a hard job before us. We want to do it well, and quickly. It's plain foolishness to hold back now. And you won't find any slackers out here."

You may have heard over the radio, one day last April, an interview with that elderly couple in Alabama whose seven sons are in the army and navy. The father, R. M. Jenkins, is a railway-station agent in a small town, but on his very small stipend, he and his wife "raised" twelve children; all fine specimens, to judge by the seven sons and three young daughters who survive. The parents were surprised to learn that folks up North wanted to hear them talk about it over the radio. What they did, and what their boys did, they thought, was nothing more than their duty.

The country is safe as long as there are parents and children of that sturdy old American stock.

Let me keep for the last the story of another boy in the Army that I met. (As a matter of fact, I have known him well ever since he was born.) How he passed the Army medical board, I am unable to say, for although a fine-looking, healthy lad of more than six feet, he labors under a very perceptible physical infirmity. As a member of the old National Guard, he left his profession, in which he was succeeding admirably, and went to camp, more than a year ago. Before long, the men knew him as a bright and cheery companion, and the senior chaplain welcomed him as an unofficial apostolic assistant.

Except by his example, and by giving counsel, when asked, he did not preach religion. But that, as we all know, is the best kind of preaching. A week before the regiment was to embark, he was ordered to a safe desk-job in the interior of the country. The work was congenial, in the line of his profession, and important. I am surprised that the assignment was not given him on his induction into the Army.

But he will never occupy that desk-job. The youngster (and his father who sorely misses his only son) at once pulled every wire, and succeeded in having the order rescinded. Then he and his buddies went down to the sea in ships.

From what port his ship sailed, or where it went, I do not know. Nor do I know where he now is. But wherever he is, a Christian gentleman, an unassuming patriot, is on guard.

Thank God, there are many like him.

## CHILE FAVORS UNITED NATIONS

CLARENCE FINLAYSON

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AS provided for in the Constitution, Juan Antonio Ríos took office on April 1 as the new President of the Republic of Chile. Señor Ríos was elected by a large majority and was supported by parties of the most diverse political views. Among them may be listed the Radicals, the Democratic Conservatives, the Communists, the Socialists, the Falangists, etc. From this it will be clear that the former Popular Front has joined with other parties and has extended its program of action. It may be asked whether or not this extension signals the death of the Chilean Popular Front.

Until recently, Chile was the only country in the world governed by a so-called Popular Front. After the experiences of the Popular Front of France and of Spain, it was believed that every Popular Front, or combination of parties of the Left, was beforehand condemned to have a brief tenure. Besides, Popular Fronts the world over, those of France and those of Spain, had shown themselves incompetent in directing public affairs, especially in the financial sphere. In each case, terrible economic crises had happened, crises originating in the lack of unity among those governing and in the weakness of the component parts. Political extremes of the Right as of the Left took advantage of the confusion, with the result that serious agitations arose which had frequently, as was the case in Spain, a tragic end.

The Popular Front of Chile did not follow the pattern of Spain. It is true that the economic life of the country was greatly affected, but some of the innovations and changes were due more to the world-wide repercussions of the present war than to the Popular Front. There was never any question of civil war.

On February 1, the presidential elections took place. The whole of America was hanging on them and watchful of the outcome. And it was a most important moment for America. The question was that of two candidates, each one of whom represented a great idea. One, General Carlos Ibañez, a former dictator, represented Fascist ideas and was supported by the old Conservatives and Manchester Liberals, an inexplicable thing. Germany and Italy looked with sympathy on his candidacy. The other candidate, the present President of Chile, Don Juan Antonio Ríos, representing the old, democratic, political tradition, gathered around him almost all the democratic forces of the country.

Here we have an interesting phenomenon which makes us proud of our democracy. With the purpose of saving our threatened democratic regime, the Popular Front considered it an absolute necessity to broaden its political basis. That is why there



is today a Catholic element represented in the government—the National Falangists. This Catholic party is inspired by the Encyclicals of the Church. It has no connection with the Falangist party of Spain, and was formed mostly by the youth and the idealists. For Chile this represents a political innovation.

In Chile, out of a total population of five millions, about half a million electors voted, giving President Ríos a majority of fifty thousand votes.

He was hardly elected when he insisted on one of the points in his political platform: that of administering affairs of this country through a national Government. By extending itself, the Popular Front dissolved itself. No longer is it the omnipotent force, the only ruling element. Still, the most intelligent and most experienced men remain unchanged, even though in contrary political camps. Among them are men of incontestable honesty and patriotism, men who ought not to be set aside but who should be selected to work for their country.

Thus a new stage of political evolution has come about, a pacific stage, evolutionary but not revolutionary. Chile today is proud of its democracy, a democracy which has developed a new social code, the most advanced of America, by way of penetration and evolution.

When the Conference at Rio de Janeiro was held, the American reader will recall that there were two countries, Argentina and Chile, which stood out against an immediate break with the Axis. The Argentina delegation advanced the reason that it was necessary to ask a resolution from their Congress. Chile, on the contrary, asked only a short time for decision until the new President would take office.

What is the present situation of Argentina and Chile with regard to the Axis Powers? This is a question which has been asked of me and is constantly being asked of me by the American public, and I shall try to answer it.

In the case of Argentina, we should remember that a third of the total population, that is to say, five out of fifteen million inhabitants are Italians or of Italian extraction. Besides, there are about one million Germans. Nevertheless, the fifty thousand British who live in Argentina weigh more in the commercial balance than all these millions.

Argentina cannot forget, and must not forget, that England is one of her best customers. Economic reasons impel her to cooperate with the Allies. In addition, there are reasons of continental solidarity which cannot be disregarded. Despite all this, only a short time ago it was increasingly evident that the forces which sympathize with the Nazi-Fascists were making great progress. This trend, of course, is a danger for Latin America, since it may signify the moral rupture of its unity in the face of totalitarian dangers.

Argentina ought to recall that her true interest lies in cooperating with the United States. She should go along with the other countries of America. At present she counts on her fleet, the fifth in the world, to guard her extensive coasts. But she cannot trust in that alone.

The case of Chile is different. The great majority of the population is in favor of the Allies. Nevertheless, there are in the south of the country two hundred thousand rich and powerful Germans, who control towns, haciendas, newspapers, radios, etc. Their influence in the central part of the country is also powerful. In the capital, Santiago, they control three out of the existing nine or ten newspapers.

It has been said, and I do not know to what extent this is true, that the Chilean army is sympathetic to Germany. It should be recorded that the foreign instructors which we have had since 1910 have been German officers. The fleet, however, which is trained in the British naval system, is openly pro-Ally.

Some months back, the Government of Japan notified the Government of Chile that she should be very hesitant about declaring war and in following the lead of some other countries of America. Otherwise Japan would consider herself obliged to bombard the nitrate ports and to sink her merchant ships. Since the majority of the Chilean mines are on the coast or very near the coasts, and since in the north the nitrate mines as well as the copper mines can be reached by the machines of war, this threat is very real. The Chilean fleet, in truth, could offer little defense, as it is absolutely impossible for it to defend the extreme length of coast, one of the longest in the world, which extends from Arica to Cape Horn.

The President, Señor Ríos, is a sincere friend of the United States. The political parties which support him are essentially democratic. The Communist Party alone cannot be so classified. But today, owing to the fact that Russia is with the Allies, the Communists battle along with the democracies and consequently with the United States. The Communists of Chile are but one of the many parties of the new political alignment; they cannot be judged as constituting any serious danger.

Germany and Japan have offered to Argentina and Chile safe conduct for transit across the submarine zone, always provided that they do not break relations. This offer, I do not doubt, has caused their Governments to act cautiously. By mistake or with premeditation, a Chilean ship was sunk on leaving New York. It is alleged that perhaps the lack of lights to indicate the nationality and the darkness of the night made such an error possible. At any rate, it might be that the sinking of the ship was intended as a warning.

In my opinion, Chile and Argentina can best aid the United States by remaining neutral and considering the United States as a non-belligerent. The mastery of the seas belongs to the Allies. Neither Germany nor Italy can trade with South America because of the blockade. South America continues to send to the United States a great part of its products.

Unity and solidarity remain always above certain practical considerations which, in a given moment, may not be completely explained. What the American people can be assured of is that the immense majority of the people of Chile are in accord with the United States.

WE hope that the decision of the Supreme Court on June 1, in a case arising under an Oklahoma statute, will put an end to one of many types of "fool legislation," which afflict this country. We use the term "fool legislation," deliberately. Sterilization, as a punishment for crime, is "fool legislation," and on many counts.

Law, as Saint Thomas teaches, must be a rule of right reason. But sterilization is against right reason. It attributes to the state an authority which the state does not, and cannot, possess. It is an offense against that dignity which every man, criminal as well as law-abiding, possesses as a creature made in the image and likeness of God. It offends against the universally accepted principle that the state may not rightly inflict a greater punishment, when the common good, and the legitimate authority of the state, are sufficiently protected by imposing a lighter penalty.

It is true that the opinion read for the Court by Associate Justice Douglas is not based upon these reasons. The Justice argued, and the Court agreed, that an alleged law which imposes this penalty upon a chicken-thief, but not upon an embezzler, is discriminatory, and therefore unconstitutional. The opinions of Chief Justice Stone and Associate Justice Jackson approached more nearly the position commonly held by Catholic thinkers. There are limits, said Mr. Justice Jackson, to the extent to which "a legislatively representative majority may conduct biological experiments at the expense of the dignity, and personality, and natural powers, of a minority." The Chief Justice added that this legislation is so plainly "a wholesale condemnation of the personal liberty of a class" that it violates the due process of law clause of the Constitution.

Statutes similar to the Oklahoma law exist in twenty-six States. In some, this legislation is directed against habitual criminals, but all include provisions for the sterilization of "feeble-minded," and other mentally defective persons. It is argued that marriage must be made impossible for these persons, since they will transmit their mental defects to their offspring. Since science as yet fails to demonstrate the carrying-over of these defects, and since neither science nor the law has yet been able to formulate a satisfactory definition of "feeble-mindedness," the injustice and folly of this legislation are apparent. Certainly, the state must make provision for individuals who do not seem able to adjust themselves readily, or at all, to society. But mutilation is not proper provision.

It is encouraging, particularly at this time, when in so many regions human life is held of little account, and the dignity of man is persistently outraged, to read the Court's recognition of the "dignity" of the human creature. That dignity is founded upon man's relation to Almighty God, and it exists even in the mentally deranged and in the criminal. By recognition of that truth, not in resort to the surgeon's knife, is the public welfare promoted.

## QUISLINGS

THE military forces of the United States would be greatly strengthened if we could look forward to a larger number of men in the twenty to thirty year-old groups. Men of that age make the best soldiers, and for obvious reasons. Not only are they stronger physically, but they can most easily adapt themselves to the rigid discipline of military life.

This war is not going to last forever, and the time will soon be at hand when a larger number of men in these age-groups will be necessary for the proper reconstruction of the economic order. A nation of old people soon becomes a nation stricken at the root. A nation in which there are only empty cradles is doomed to extinction.

The sorest need of the country today, our own country and every other country, is not guns, but children. Our greatest wealth is not natural resources. These are of no value unless they can be properly developed. They do not develop themselves. They are of no use, until a generation of hardy young men touches them, brings them into utilizable form, and distributes them.

This, then, is no time for campaigns to limit the population. "Planned parenthood" is a greater danger to the United States today than traitorous cells of Quislings and Fifth Columnists.

The country needs children. There will be no children, at least not in the number that the country needs, unless we have husbands and wives who are willing to assume the burdens of parenthood. These burdens bring with them great compensations, but they are burdens nonetheless. A country's true prosperity rests upon moral values, and moral values are soon destroyed when married couples are encouraged to shirk the duties of parenthood.

Yet, in spite of our country's needs, the campaign to teach husbands and wives how to avoid parenthood, and to convince them that they serve their country by avoiding it, is in full swing. It is even reported that the Public Health Service at Washington has agreed to "consider" and promote this campaign in the States.

Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.



## CAMP ILLITERACY

SOMEHOW that sad announcement by the Federal Commissioner of Education about illiteracy in the army fails to depress us. Are we going to fight this war with dictionaries? Dr. Studebaker tells us that 433,000 of our soldiers are illiterate, although, he adds, some 250,000 are fit "for active duty." The 183,000 *illiterati* will probably be put through courses designed to give "the functionally illiterate basic training in reading, writing and arithmetic." Dr. Studebaker does not use the term in its usual sense of "unable to read or write in any language." What he means is that these soldiers did not get beyond the fourth grade in the grammar school.

Now we have no prejudice against the grades above the fourth. Most of our friends struggled through them, apparently with no permanent hurt. But even so we cannot help thinking of old Israel Putnam who was more at home with a musket in his hand than with a book, and he was a pretty fair soldier. Then there was Nathan Bedford Forrest, so able a strategist that competent critics have compared him with Napoleon. His spelling and his grammar were appalling, yet they never hindered him from applying his favorite military principle of gittin' thar fust with the mostest men.

Any history of our wars, or your own well-stored memory, will furnish examples of men who were prime fighters, although they had never reached the fifth grade, or, for that matter, the third. Another man, similarly illiterate, who became a very respectable judge of campaigns, tactics, generals and other military matters, and actually applied his knowledge to a fiercely-fought war, can be found in Abraham Lincoln.

No, we are not much disturbed about illiterates who never topped the fourth grade. But all of us ought to be deeply disturbed about our young religious illiterates, and anxious to support the methods now used in many cities to reduce their number. It is not all-important to know whether six times eight is sixty-eight, or eighty-six, as Huck Finn did not say. What is all-important for every man is to know his duties to his God and to his neighbors. If he is ignorant of them, his is the illiteracy that is a real menace to the public welfare.

## THE CASE OF BRIDGES

SHARP differences of opinion on the Bridges case were expressed last week. "It's Hitler's first political victory here," said Bjorne Halling, executive secretary of the C.I.O. Maritime Committee in New York. "A brutal blow against full-scale national unity," commented Lewis Merrill, another New York C.I.O. official. "It's appeasement of a whole bunch of Fascists in this country," raged Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, "and a shocking attack on American democracy." In more measured language, President Murray, of the C.I.O., expressed his complete disapproval of the order issued by the Attorney General for the deportation of this stormtrooper of the Pacific coast.

Let us pause for a moment to hear the Attorney General's defense. Mr. Biddle reports, first, that since 1920 Harry Bridges has been a member of the Communist party in the United States, and, next, that this party "is an organization that believes in, advises, advocates, and teaches, the overthrow by force and violence of the Government of the United States." What Mr. Biddle here states is the belief of probably a majority of those Americans who have followed the long proceedings against Bridges.

But this belief, or opinion, or bias, as it may be variously interpreted, will not end a dispute which may yet become as famous, and even more involved, than the celebrated case of the late Tom Mooney. The Landis hearing cleared Bridges of the charge that he was a Communist, but failed to express any opinion as to the subversive character of the tenets of the Communist party. The hearing by Charles B. Sears, which found that Communism was subversive, and that Bridges was a Communist, was overruled by the Immigration Appeals Board, and now the Board is overruled by the Attorney General who has accepted the conclusions which were filed by Judge Sears. Mr. Bridges will now take his appeal to the Federal courts, and so this much-discussed case will not be finally settled for some years.

It is not difficult to understand why Bridges had, and still has, many to praise him as a selfless labor leader. There is no doubt that scandalous conditions existed in the West Coast shipping industry when Bridges appeared on the scene ten years ago. Longshoremen were over-worked and underpaid, and between the allied shipping companies and certain labor leaders whom they controlled, the lot of this class of workers did not greatly differ from that of slavery. They toiled under conditions laid down by their masters, and for the wage which the masters doled out. If there was legal redress, no one seemed to know how to invoke it. The men were amply justified in striking, and, under the leadership of Harry Bridges, they managed to extort from the masters higher wages and an entirely new system of hiring. On the other hand, it is claimed that the methods used in the strikes practically ruined shipping in the San Francisco

area. So closely did much of the Bridges policy resemble the Moscow line, that almost from the outset of his leadership, the charge was made that he was a Communist.

Between the deportation order of the Attorney General and its actual execution, or another clearing of Bridges, we shall have plenty of time for meditation. The first phase of that meditation may well be an attempt to answer the question: "Why, in view of the frightful conditions which undoubtedly existed in the West Coast shipping trade, was it left for an alien and a Communist to try to remedy them?"

In the early days of Bridges' career, this Review expressed the opinion that the greatest aid to the growth of Communism in this country was not afforded by Moscow. It seemed to us that the spread of Communism among wage-earners was more directly due to the stupidity—or worse—of American capitalists who insisted upon maintaining inhuman conditions in industry. The history of steel, coal and oil, to mention but three industries, is a history of bloody war, in which owners were often aided by the police powers of the state which should have been used to protect the wage-earner.

The majority of us, Catholics included, regarded the brutal scene with equanimity. Would-be reformers were indiscriminately assailed as "Socialists" and anarchists. To take but one example, many Catholics well remember the storm that beat about them when they supported the movement to abolish the twelve-hour day in the steel industry, or when they pointed out that not all coal-operators were philanthropists. We lost a great opportunity when we studied the Labor Encyclical of Leo XIII and then, instead of trying to make its principles live in American industry, put it back on a bookshelf to gather dust. The chance we threw away was seized by Reds and radicals who, professing benevolence and often winning victories for labor, trapped unwary workers in the nets of Communism.

Too often do Catholics see not one, but a whole pack of lions, in the path when needed social and economic reforms are proposed. They apparently believe that lions are invincible beasts, and if success is not in sight from the beginning, conclude that it is not worth while to try to achieve success. They did not learn that lesson from the careers of the heroes of the Church. On every page of the Church's history is written the story of men and women who won reforms because they did not count the cost of winning them, and who, with sanctified common sense, realized that God always helps those who help themselves.

That meditation on lost opportunities will not be time wasted, if it stirs us to a belated energy in the present, and practical plans for the future. Frankly, whether Harry Bridges is deported, or lives to a green old age in the United States, does not now make much difference. What is important for us now is to support labor leaders whose policies respect the principles of the Papal Encyclicals, and to muster our forces to prepare Catholic leaders for the future.

## JOY IN HEAVEN

THAT was a very unusual supper which Our Blessed Lord attended in the house of one of the rulers of the Pharisees. Whether this ruler had intended to honor Jesus, or whether he wished, with the aid of his associates, to catch Jesus in the nets of sophistry, is not stated in the sacred text. In any case, Our Lord confounded the Pharisees by healing a man afflicted with dropsy, even though it was the Sabbath day. Thereafter He read them a lesson on humility and charity, and ended the meal by telling them the Parable of the Great Supper.

As He left the house of the ruler, a crowd gathered about Him. Turning to the people, Jesus spoke of the sacrifices which everyone must make who wishes to be His follower, and of the energy and foresight which His disciples must possess. While He was speaking, "the publicans and sinners were drawing near to listen to him," as we are told in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, xv, 1-10) and the fact that Our Lord welcomed them caused the Scribes and Pharisees to murmur: "This man welcomes sinners and eats with them." Our Lord did not deny the offense, a scandalous one in their hypocritical eyes, which they imputed to Him. On the contrary, He openly expressed the joy He felt in welcoming sinners, by telling two of the most consoling of all His Parables; the story of the shepherd who left the ninety-and-nine to search for the lost sheep, and the story of the woman who searched her house carefully until she found the drachma which she had lost.

During the Mass tomorrow, thousands of sinners will listen to these parables. As they hear Our Lord saying, "there will be joy in heaven over one sinner who repents," many will at once hearken to the voice of the Divine Shepherd, but some, alas, with Augustine who wandered so long out of the fold, will again put off the day of their conversion. For all these sheep, we ought to pray; for those whom Our Lord has brought back to the fold, that they may never stray from it, and for those who still disregard the call of the shepherd, that they may speedily become the willing captives of God's pursuing grace.

"Even so, I say unto you, there will be joy among the angels of God over the sinner who repents." How many millions of souls, timidly, fearfully, approaching the Sacred Tribunal of Penance, have been heartened by those words! They tell us that, although we may have offended God in a most grievous manner, and even over a long period of years, God loves us and wants us.

Often, as some wretched public sinner, whose crimes are as scarlet, comes back to God to ask forgiveness, the Scribes and the Pharisees of our modern world sneer when the Church, mindful of the everlasting love of Jesus for the sinful soul, receives him and rejoices. These scoffers do not understand that God is not harshness and rigor, but love and mercy. To us to whom much has been revealed, that truth is our strength in life, and our consolation and assurance at the moment of death.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## TRUTH AND FICTION

SIGRID UNDSET

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[A paper read at the Tenth Anniversary Celebration of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors, New York, May 24.—Literary Editor.]

ON the face of things, it would seem that for a writer of fiction at least it might be impractical to follow the maxim that an old Norwegian farmer's wife once handed out to me, as the principle on which she had been brought up and in her turn had brought up a large family of fine men and women: "Never tell a lie. And don't tell a truth, unless it is necessary."

It is a principle that has worked out very well in our peasant communities. It makes for honesty and courtesy, it makes people develop an agreeable art of conversation about the weather and the crops and the facts of your neighbors' life that are known to everybody already. It prevents people from talking too much. I have found it developed to perfection among Englishmen. And recently, here in America, I have had the privilege of meeting some quite charming New Englanders, who also practise the same principle. They were so kind, but so very reticent, I felt almost as if I were among my own people again.

After all, I think the maxim of old Gurø Dalsbøe is a very good principle to live after, even for the writer of fiction. That is, if the writer of fiction wants to be a creator of living art. Of course the very word "fiction" is rather equivocal, like so many words in our present-day vocabulary, which has suffered from generations of loose thinking and the abuse of catch-words. So you often meet the word used as if fiction were the opposite of facts. Some kinds of fiction are, of course. But even that kind of fiction need not necessarily be the opposite of truth. Facts must be true, but they are not truths, just as wooden boxes or fencepoles or doors or tables are not woods, the society of living, growing trees from which come the wooden implements.

Practical people may handle facts without knowing the truths they stem from, as a baby may sit in his high chair and enjoy his meal of porridge, without knowing a thing about the tree from which his chair was fashioned, or the wheatfield and the cow that were the sources of his meal. Of course, we hope that Baby may live to experience the delightful meeting with woods and wheatfields and cows. And we may hope that the practical people who handle facts may some day make acquaintance, at least with some of the truths that facts

stem from. And true fiction, if you see what I mean by that, must necessarily handle facts, but its chief concern must be with the truths behind the facts—the wild mountains from where the tame stones of the pavement and the cultured stone of statuary were quarried, the living woods which yielded the material for lumber mills and carpenter shops and pulp for the million tons of paper we use or abuse. The facts then become things of secondary importance to the writer, even if they are things of primary importance in practical life. Nevertheless, they are not origins; they originate from something.

To the Catholic writer the whole world of facts and truths behind the facts will appear in relation to the Ultimate Origin from which everything emanates—the mountains from which stones are quarried and ores are mined, the woods that give us timber and blueberries, the jungle of civilized or uncivilized life, where human beings roam or flutter and sometimes remember, and sometimes forget, and as often as not do violence to themselves and others in a futile attempt to deny that man was created in the Image of God, and to shake off the dreadful responsibility which is implied in the idea, that whatever you do may have consequences in all eternity.

We know that everything in this world, things animate and inanimate, are ultimately dependent on God. I do not mean that we always think of it—nobody ever could manage to think always of more than a fraction of the things he knows. But I hope, to all Catholics, it is always the submerged knowledge that prevents us from certain aberrations of thinking, as the submerged knowledge that the sea is deep and cold and very wet prevents us from turning to the right or to the left, when we have to board a ship by way of a narrow gangplank. We do not consciously think how very unpleasant it would be to tumble over, but we walk straight all the same.

After all, I think the advice of my old countrywoman is very good advice for writers of fiction, too. Never tell a lie. And just tell the truths you have to. In fact, a writer—one who has a genuine urge to express himself in writing—may perhaps be described as a person who has got to tell truths more often, and to tell more truths than the bulk of the people, who may get along very well when they stick to the facts of everyday life, cultivate kindness and reticence, never tell lies, and tackle the truths behind the facts only on the rare occasions when they have to do it.

But remember—never tell a lie. Not even the lies of kindness, the lies to blackout hideous or painful or discouraging truths. They are the kind of lies that represent the greatest temptation to people of good will, and they are certainly not so morally revolting, maybe they are less sinful too, than lies

told for coarsely selfish reasons, reasons of greed and concupiscence. At least, I hope they are less sinful, for I shudder when I think of how often I have told that kind of lie, and still oftener have I thought them and tried to kid myself into believing them, even if I don't think I have committed them to writing very often.

But they grow upon you; you get into the habit of resorting to them, oftener and oftener. To perpetuate them in writing—I should say, try to perpetuate them—is usually very damaging to a work of fiction, for most readers find out, as soon as the interest of novelty has passed, if a story is untrue, untruthful. Don't you know all these stories about a spectacular conversion of a hardened sinner, by Catholic authors as well as, or even more frequently than, by authors of the other Christian denominations? The conversion of a hardened sinner is such a tremendous miracle, what with God being Almighty, and the sinner yet having his free will, that I think very few writers of fiction are able to deal adequately with such a wonderful topic. I would say, let us leave it to the theologians—and don't expect all of them either to write well or clearly about it. Another thing: religious vocations are not too common anywhere, except among the characters of some Catholic writers of fiction, and their stories are not always quite convincing.

And tell the truths you have to. Even if they are grim, preposterous, shocking. After all, we Catholics ought to acknowledge what a shocking business human life is. Our race has been revolting against its Creator since the beginning of time. Revolt, betrayal, denial, or indifference, sloth, laziness—which of us has not been guilty in one or more or all of these sins some time or other? But remember, you have to tell other and more cheering truths, too: of the Grace of God and the endeavor of strong and loyal, or weak but trusting souls, and also of the natural virtues of man created in the Image of God, an image it is very hard to efface entirely. Even in the times of genuine paganism, in the times before the Incarnation of Our Saviour, when mankind in perfectly good faith wove their creeds and myths about the Divinity they were aware of, and the Powers they sensed behind the pageantry of spring and summer and autumn and winter, behind the procession of living things from the womb of the mother to the grave, through health and illness, passions noble and evil, through joys and griefs—even in those times the hands that fumbled honestly for the truths of the Beyond succeeded in touching them, as was afterwards revealed in the daylight of Our Lord.

It is true, that the old heathen had also discovered the presence of the Devil, pure and personal Evil, and that many of them worshipped him, through witches and wizards and magicians, in the hope that one might strike a bargain with the lower powers, while the higher, the good ones, would be less easy for man to understand or come to terms with. The worship of devils had already had a long history, when a group of Germans decided to dedicate themselves to the Power who encourages men to murder, treason, cruelty and wal-

lowing in all kinds of moral filth, offering them in return Overlordship on Earth, and the accumulated riches of generations of other people's honest labor.

But it is equally true, that even in Pagan times, wherever men believed in Supernatural powers who were on the side of honesty, uprightness, justice, who sometimes even encouraged mercy and forbearance, and more often than not were considered the wardens of family loyalty and filial piety, those who lived these beliefs forged treasures of beauty and moral grandeur that have come down to us through the ages. And it is an interesting thing to notice how these heathen people, after their conversion to Christianity, when they tried to live up to their new faith and love their neighbors as themselves (they did it very imperfectly, of course, just as we do) how they then always tried to foster and partake with their fellowmen the things they had considered the best in life, since old heathen times. The expansion of freedom and personal liberty among ever widening layers of the population among the British and Scandinavian people, the creation of new and gorgeous Church festivals and times of merrymaking in the Latin nations, the conversion of tribal mysticism into the mysticism of the Saints among the Germans of the Middle Ages, are such fruits of the Faith among people, who had loved freedom, or festivals, or mysticism, from the beginning of their histories.

We Catholics have the wellspring of Truth to draw from, and we are the heirs to the accumulated truths of pre-Christian ages. To us, it should not be fiction *versus* facts, but fiction should relate facts to truths, through knowledge, imagination, intuition and conscientious work. It should really be our rule, never to tell lies, and to tell the truths that must be told—the truths we need not tell should always be implicit behind our work.

## NOTE ON STYLE

IN the seventeenth century there was a movement, sired by Bacon and nursed by the Royal Academy, "to reform the English Tongue." Dryden, Sprat, Waller, Evelyn and Cowley lent their prestige to the reform. They purposed to sweat the orotund prose of their day down to the lean "language of Artisans, Countrymen and Merchants."

The next two centuries evolved a solidly philosophical idea of style. DeQuincey made it "confluent with the matter" and twice employed the figure of body and soul to indicate the intimacy of this union between content and style. He was following Wordsworth's notion of style as "an incarnation of thought."

It would be a pity if modern criticism, under the impact of journalism, should desert Swift and Stevenson, Newman, Arnold and Pater and look once more on style as an accidental cosmetic which might, indeed, gild literature but could never enter into its essential composition. Yet there seems to be a definite trend, in our present book reviews, to acclaim content and matter while neglecting or actually despising form.

W. A. D.



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## STORM-SONG

Lady, the Maytime mirrors you very well—  
I have no argument with those who tell  
Of a breathless, fresh discovery—of finding you  
Within a rose's heart, or lingering in the blue  
Embers of a dying day. The sensation light winds bring  
Is startlingly like the blowing of your soft hair  
Across one's face; and when released birds spring  
From Winter's cage into the sun-spilled air,  
Let me, too, glance up and see your fleet soul long  
For God with all the fire of a fledgling's song.

This beauty of early Spring, so tender one almost fears  
To breathe upon its frailness, so weak even the rain-tears  
That softly, warmly fall from out Spring's eyes  
Quite weigh it down—this beauty, Lady, flies  
To my heart, poignantly reflects the fragile, close-folded  
Bloom  
Which stirred and softly opened within your womb.

All this is true—but Lady, let me confess that in this  
Spring-brightness I grope for something more—I miss  
The reality of you—the spirit I know so well. . . .  
I cannot find the Maid who thrust back Hell  
With an unsheathed word. Maytime conceals no pain;  
Where is the stark beauty of your eyes—that soul  
You arrowed forth with a glance, into the rain  
Of tears and blood at a wayside meeting?  
Where in these face-caressing winds is the roll  
And storm-surge? Where in the bland smile of field to  
sky, or these fleeting  
Easy days is your steel of will? Where the mutual  
weeping  
Of heart and eyes? . . . Lady, where in Spring is pain's  
triumphant reaping?

There are few pictures of you I treasure, but one I bear  
Within my heart—you are walking above a wind-swept  
cliff, and your hair  
Is snow-wet, your veil whipped by the gale  
To a leaden sky, like a banner or a sea-fretted sail.  
Clasped is the warm-wrapped Child, and the flaying hail  
Flies close and thick. . . . Ah, here is pain's swift raining  
On head and face and heart! Here is valor and virtue  
in act, and straining  
Toward uphill things! Lady, here is the spirit I always  
knew;  
Here your face is raised in combat—here your very  
Heart glows through!

DANIEL J. BERRIGAN

## SILENCE

Man his vast dignity  
Obtains by dying;  
By music, marble, monument,  
By not replying;  
As perfect bliss is still as death,  
And seeing still but seeking.  
—All that we love the sun beneath  
Is shadowed by our speaking.

TOM BOGGS

## PETALS AND WINGS

I have considered flowers of the field  
And how they dwell  
Silent, at peace, and beautiful,  
Each in a wind-walled cell.  
And I have thought on wild, unlettered birds,  
Song-silver things,  
Free on their little leash of air;  
I have considered wings.  
I have dreamed petaled peace, and wilding flight  
Into the sun.  
Whose is the ultimate blossoming?  
Whose the empyrean?  
I know the Maker of all birds, all flowers.  
He understands  
The bud that breaks, the bird that flies  
To freedom in His hands.

SISTER M. MADEIRA

## WE HAVE NEED OF A DAVID

David, come forth in the clear light of morning.  
There is a dread shadow against the sky,  
And dust swirls where the heavy feet  
Part the tree branches.  
With the sun on your hair, come forth, David.  
Come with truth, the stone  
That rides the hem of the wind . . .  
That pierces the shield of darkness.

We have sought you in the high hills.  
We have heard your voice in the night  
Where no stars shine.  
We have seen your hand lifted  
In the noon heavy with pain.  
The garlands are ready, and the singing.  
The water is sweet in the well  
For your drinking, David.

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

## BLOSSOM AMID BOMBS

(For the New York Carmelites,  
to whom it really belongs)

This year, as other years, will come the roses:  
Still will the stem break into bud and leaf,  
Still will the wonder be when June discloses  
The open blossom and the burgeoning sheaf.  
It will not stop the rose that men are making  
Powder, preparing it burst the shell,  
Sprinkling the Spring with human blood, and taking  
The earth for hatred as a fort of Hell.  
God must go on, in loyalty to Love,  
Dreaming a rose into its perfect being,  
Branding the earth with it as symbol of  
The things that men should shape while time is fleeing:  
While Hate snuffs out the hearth and spills men's tears,  
God is the same this year as other years.

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA, B.V.M.

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## BOOKS

### LET'S NOT UNDERESTIMATE

THE FOE WE FACE. By Pierre J. Huss. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3

MR. HUSS, who served eight years as head of the International News Service in Berlin, had abundant opportunities to observe the leaders of the Nazi party. While it appears he did not meet all the important men in that vast machine, he did have means of tapping sources, presumably reliable, and of pumping out information regarding inter-party animosities, jealousies, friendships, rivalries and calumnies. There is a good deal of information about Karl Boemer, "Unser Hermann," Rudolph Hess, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, Bormann, and, of course, Der Fuehrer.

Of all these men and of hosts of others, Mr. Huss presents pictures which have more the quality of caricature than of portraiture. Indeed, one finds oneself wondering how these oafs and dolts manage the colossal undertakings they have, in a large measure, carried forward successfully. The foe we face seems, from this book, something to be viewed as we viewed the wild man captured in the interior of Borneo, who used to grace the sideshows of circuses. There is a danger in underestimating your adversary, and into this danger Mr. Huss' book may lead us.

Of especial interest to Catholic readers is Chapter X, "Catholics and Jews in the Third Reich." Bormann at a *Bier Abend* at the Kaiserhof Hotel in Berlin remarked: "Why should we let a foreign despot in Rome tell us what to do any more than the Bolshevik in Moscow? Either the Catholic Church in Germany stops that or we will."

A story of Bishop Count Galen offers an example of what the Church has to contend with and how it does contend with it. Interrupted during Mass by two S.S. men, the Bishop asked them to say what they had to say. One of them spoke up:

You preach here in a language of hidden meanings, aimed to stir the minds of these Germans against the government. You talk of home and the family and children and call on us to follow the example of one who is told of as a man without a family of his own—a bachelor wandering from one place to the next but never settled long enough to establish a home and learn to know it. And what could he know of children? . . . The Bishop on the altar gazed for just a moment at the heckler. . . . "I will not have the Fuehrer insulted in this house of God or hear slanders against him."

Mr. Huss adds that there were sudden snickers and that you could almost hear the cheering.

CHARLES DUFFY

### A RUSSIAN IN FRANCE

LIGHT BEFORE DUSK. By Helen Iswolsky. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50

ONCE upon a time a very famous Russian lady came to Paris. A convert from Orthodoxy, she attracted to her salon in the Rue Saint-Dominique the most diverse elements among the brilliant men and women of France in her day: Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Cuvier, de Tocqueville, Lacordaire, etc. The secret of the Countess Sophie Swetchine's influence and charm, said the Duc de Broglie, who knew her well, was her complete confidence in the sincerity of the people with whom she talked, rather than in their intellectual gifts.

During her years in Paris before and at the outset



of the present war, Helen Iswolsky, as the daughter of the former Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs and Russian Ambassador to France, could with good grace have established a salon of her own. But she preferred a simpler course. She visited with an observant mind and a humble spirit, gatherings of spiritually minded men and women who were identified with the two matters of her greatest interest. These were the Catholic social movement and the movement for the Reunion of the Eastern Churches. To these contacts she brought a disposition similar to that shown by her distinguished predecessor of a century before: open-minded charity, an honest, yet not gullible belief in the sincerity of those whom she encountered.

Miss Iswolsky, a Catholic of the Eastern Rite, derived from these associations her initiation into the life of the Catholic Church, which became her own after a stay at the Benedictine monasteries of Saint Scholastica and En Calcat. They brought to her, however, another and very precious thing, which was the opportunity to serve, at the present moment, as a witness to the intensity and richness of the Catholic revival in France, its "mystical energy." Much of her experience was centered around the Maritains at Meudon, Berdyaev at Clamart, Emanuel Mounier and the Esprit associates, Père Bernardot, Stanislas Fumet, *Le Cerf* and the *Temps Présent*. She studied at first-hand the historic discussions concerning the *main tendue* and the Popular Front, handled in such masterly fashion by Pope Pius XI and Cardinal Verdier, and witnesses to the edifying fact that none of these notably "social-minded" Catholic groups were at all taken in by it.

Of the *Temps Présent* she remarks:

I think it did much to break up the rigid bourgeois prejudices of the well-to-do and the bureaucracy; at the same time it tempered the discontent and rebellion of the poorer classes, and prevented many young men from falling into the clutches of Communism. It offered a creative ideal of social reconstruction.

Though Miss Iswolsky lived through the grim dusk of invaded France's terrible hours, and shared the agony of the refugees, she ends upon a note of firm and Christian hope for France and, indeed, for her intensely loved Russia. Her straightforward story will dispel many a misconception as to what direction France and French youth were taking before the disaster. I think she can be grateful that God's Providence allowed her to discover so many of the germs of promise for Europe's spiritual resurrection.

JOHN LAFARGE

## ANOTHER MORMON NOVEL

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS. By Virginia Sorensen. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75

NAUVOO, that tidy little city the Mormons built in Illinois, after being driven from Missouri by fire and gunshot, is the scene for this absorbing story. Mrs. Sorensen, herself of Mormon descent, has succeeded in portraying a number of interesting characters from among those first members of the Church of Latter Day Saints. But it is not so much with historical figures, such as Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, that the story is concerned. Rather it is the Baker family who hold the limelight throughout—Simon, Mercy and their numerous children. Indeed, Simon Baker was the first of the Mormon sect to take unto himself an extra wife. This he did in obedience to the decree of the Prophet Joseph, who announced that plural marriage was necessary if the church was to prosper. What this meant to Mercy, a Mormon more through loyalty to her husband than through faith, constitutes the major portion of the book's dramatic conflict.

Mrs. Sorensen strikes many a realistic note in her story of an industrious people, banished into the West because of their unusual religious tenets. Hard days of toil in subduing the prairie land, housekeeping and child-

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bearing amid primitive surroundings—this was everyday life for Mormon men and women. And there was everlasting vigilance on the part of all, even children, lest life and property suffer at the hands of the prejudiced outside world.

Eventually the Prophet Joseph is killed. Nauvoo is plundered and burned. Brigham Young turns the faces of a stalwart people westward to look for another Zion. Full of color, of many a sordid detail of family life, this first novel is replete with unusual drama.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

GUIDE POSTS IN CHAOS. By Channing Pollock. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2

"WHAT fools these mortals be" need not be the saying of a pessimist. It is as no pessimist that Channing Pollock in this book of short essays adds further evidence to this quotation. He is gentle. He is clear. He cushions his effective blows for good common sense with humor; there is many a chuckle in the book, but each chuckle is provocative of salutary soul-searching and purposeful amendment. He calls himself the "Apostle of the Apparent." Channing Pollock is a modern Seneca, minus the pomp, minus all dubious humility, plus a better-founded confidence that a large part of our own betterment lies within our own easy reach.

The title of the book is not entirely misleading, though in view of the present world conditions, it might suggest "heavy" reading—international relations, politics, sociology, strategy, etc. The work does not eschew these matters, but when it touches them, it does so simply and with utter common sense. These "guide posts" point the way out of not only the major but also the minor messes caused by either simple or sophisticated stupidity.

Mr. Pollock tells us how best to read his book: "I would suggest a dosage of these chapters not to exceed two a week." The doctor is cruel; the book is too attractive. But this is a work which should not be shelved but tabled after the first reading. Then the prescription should work most efficaciously.

In a place or two the author skirts matters of deep philosophic implication—the nature of truth, the obligation to be moral. In these matters we do know of more forthright expositions but no one can waste time reading this book.

JOHN B. BROLAN

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE. By Herschel Baker. Harvard University Press. \$4

THERE are perhaps no English players who seem so lifted above the undignified associations of their times as John Philip Kemble and his sister, the gifted Siddons. In the life of Garrick there was a certain adventure and even romance, while the wilder career of Kean with his impetuous acting seemed to prove that genius on the stage has too many of the human frailties found in the audience. But a sort of classic grandeur, with a demeanor that in the distance might be counted as majestic, appears to place the Kembles on the steps of a classic temple.

John Philip Kemble was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but in 1776 joined a theatrical company. Later he became manager both of Drury Lane and of Covent Garden and was intimately associated with the development of the English stage during the late eighteenth century and the early romantic period.

More than a century has lapsed since any one has devoted a full length book to his career. Mr. Baker in his thoroughly interesting volume, remedies this neglect. He has based his work on Mr. Kemble's own diary and the result is a biography that will fascinate the general reader as well as the specialist.

ELSIE BRIGGS

NEW HAMPSHIRE BORN A TOWN. By Marion Nicholl Rawson. E. P. Dutton Co. \$3.50

IN this volume the author describes the founding of a typical New England town and carries the story through the first hundred years of its existence. Planned and settled in 1763, by the first wave of pioneers who began to move westward from the coast settlements, the "Town"



could be any of a hundred picturesque villages which dot the hill country of New England. The daily life of the pioneer farmer is laid before us in complete detail. All the hardships and dangers, drudgery and excitement of founding a home in the wilderness are pictured at length. How a simple, hardworking people met and solved the problems of roads, forest clearance, harvesting, schools, taxes, religion, politics and social life are interestingly told.

This is not an exciting book; the fulness with which the author describes all the ordinary daily routine of quiet country life will not hold the interest of the ordinary reader. But the student and anyone interested in early American history will find in it not only a few hours' pleasant reading but much incidental information and not a few unusual facts ignored by historians as unimportant. Indeed one might call it a "case history" for a course in Civics. The many excellent pen and ink sketches, which are the work of the author, add much to the charm and attractiveness of the book.

F. J. GALLAGHER

OUR NATIONAL ENEMY No. 1: EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION. By John F. Noll. Our Sunday Visitor Press. \$1

WHEN religion was stricken from the curriculum of our public schools, the idea was part of a general movement to help Americans of all denominations live in peace and harmony with one another. It was a corollary to the charter of religious freedom which had been written into the American way of life.

Unfortunately, the plan to eliminate religion from public education ignored the fact that Americanism, as a way of life, was based on religion as a way of life. The virtues of the one cannot be taught apart from the virtues of the other. Public education made for a generation of religious illiterates and Americanism has become a flower cut from its roots.

Catholics foresaw this effect from the beginning, built their own schools and paid taxes to support a system of education which in conscience they could not use. For this they were considered unpatriotic, un-American.

The public school has now become of age and thinking men are appalled to find it sterile and diseased. It is pleasing only to the organized atheists, the freethinkers, the agnostic professors, the Socialists and Communists in our midst. But the rising shout of protest against its lack of religious training has now become world-wide.

Bishop Noll, in his latest volume, puts before the public what three hundred non-Catholic groups and individuals have to say about this great American experiment. The book deserves the widest attention possible. Given a plan and strong leadership, education in America can be restored to the religious soil in which alone our democratic way of life can flourish. THOMAS MOORE, S.J.

LIVING BIOGRAPHIES OF AMERICAN STATESMEN. By Henry Thomas and Dana Lee Thomas. Garden City Publishing Co. \$1.98

THIS is the seventh in the Living Biographies series by the same authors. In this volume are popularly written thumb-nail and somewhat fragmentary sketches of these twenty great Americans: Roger Williams, William Penn, Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, John Adams, John Marshall, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Charles Sumner, Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, and F.D.R. No Catholic statesman finds a place in this collection. Each biography is preceded by a list of important dates in the life of the character and a full-page portrait specially drawn by Gordon Ross.

With few exceptions, these statesmen, according to the authors, dedicated themselves to the principle that all men have an equal right to their own liberty and an equal duty to protect the liberty of others. Each contributed a definite characteristic to the composite American character of courageous and optimistic tolerance. Each worked with a deliberate bias against oppression and in favor of justice. Each struggled to trans-

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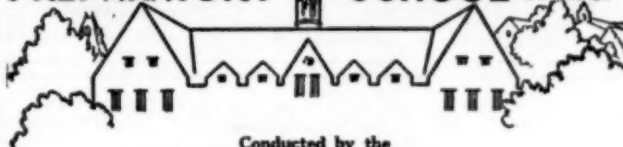
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form his country into a progressive testing-ground for social and racial and religious cooperation, to achieve the friendly fusion of mankind. Their primary concern was to make the United States the first international nation of the world.

While not up to the standard set by Gamaliel Bradford for studies of this kind, the authors have performed a distinct service in giving us, however superficially, vivid, realistic portraits of the men who bequeathed to our embattled generation the cherished American heritage of free democratic government. JOHN J. O'CONNOR

MR. PAN. By Emily Hahn. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

ELDER BROTHER of the numerous Pan family of Shanghai, Mr. Pan Heh-ven was once a millionaire, was educated at Cambridge, is completely the Chinese gentleman, something of a practical philosopher, and a man of engaging and enthusiastic temperament. The twenty-eight sketches and stories—some of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*—here gathered between boards, concern Mr. Pan's financial and social adventures, his relations with the diverse members of his family—Fourth Brother was excommunicated as a Traitor for succumbing to the wiles of the Japanese; Pan Father was an inveterate gambler. The book makes interesting if not very significant reading. The impact of the Japanese occupation of Shanghai and the inland provinces appears as hardly more than an incidental inconvenience. In fact, all the stories seem a little too genteel, and sophisticated in a refined way. But there are more than a few chuckles scattered through the pages.

R. F. GRADY

THE ACADEMIC MAN. By Logan Wilson. Oxford University Press. \$3

PUTTING professors under a microscope is not a bad idea. Quite a number of people, and not only college students, would like to know what makes them tick or fail to tick. Especially if it is true, as stated in a footnote, that "of a representative group of individuals from American Men of Science (1933 edition) the percentage of those believing in a Supreme Being was as follows: physicists, 38; biologists, 27; sociologists, 24; psychologists, 10." That would mean that the majority of the scholars, who are the official interpreters of life for the American people, have not even a fundamental notion of the meaning of man or the meaning of life.

Unfortunately, the author of *The Academic Man* is not particularly interested in the Man. He does give a fine study of the motives that lead men to academic careers, of the effect on their careers of things like supply and demand, economic standing, measurements of professional success, tenure, academic freedom and the like. One of the most interesting and challenging parts of the book is the study of the relative importance and teaching and research in the life of the Academic Man.

As far as it goes, the book is good, that is, as a presentation of the material, social and economic factors that go to make up not so much the Academic Man as the problem of the Academic Man. To do any more, the author would have to grasp an idea of success that is something more than material; he would have to define clearly the whole purpose of education, research, university life, and offer evaluations based on ultimate norms. However, such was not his purpose. JOHN P. DELANEY

CHARLES DUFFY, after diplomatic service in the Balkan countries, has been an instructor at Cornell since 1937.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT, a Columbia M.A., is an Associate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and an author.

JOHN P. DELANEY is Director of the Institute of Social Order in New York, and an authority on social questions.



# THEATRE

UNCLE HARRY. We all have acquaintances and friends as mild and inoffensive as Uncle Harry seems. We like them, we trust them, we may even love some of them. But the chances are that if we have seen *Uncle Harry* (on the stage of the Broadhurst Theatre) we may hereafter turn on them at least an occasional glance of cold suspicion. Thanks to the efforts of Thomas Job, author of the play, and Clifford Hayman and Lennie Hatten, its happy producers, we know now what mild-mannered little men may be. They may be murderers of a particularly unpleasant type—a type that makes our blood chill and our hearts threaten to stop beating. For that is the type Joseph Schildkraut is showing us as *Uncle Harry*, and he is enthusiastically aided and abetted by his spinster sister, Lettie, superbly acted by Eva LeGallienne.

Uncle Harry has another sister, Hester, who is even worse than Lettie and who joins Lettie in making their common home unendurable for their meek and gentlemanly brother. But Uncle Harry, as his neighbors and friends all call him, has plans of his own. He is in love. He desires to marry and live in peace, and he knows exactly how he means to secure this peace.

That is the last word you will get from me about the plot, though possibly you may be able to imagine more. But you won't imagine the ingenious method in which Uncle Harry makes his plans for love, marriage and a happy life. And now we'll talk about the acting.

It is fine throughout. Both his sisters really love Harry, but they apparently hate each other, so they quarrel all the time. Their quarreling is so incessant, and over such idiotically trivial details, that occasionally it even gets on the nerves of the audience. There are moments when Lettie seems to have some human appeal, but there are very few intervals when the audience can endure Hester. Miss Adelaide Klein, also a fine actress, makes her too maddening for toleration. But here are bits of the play escaping again, when any critic with the right idea should leave the final surprise to the audience.

I've seen Miss LeGallienne in many parts, but I have never seen her act better than in this new success. There is just a bit more that I can say for Schildkraut. He is good as Uncle Harry, but he has been more successful in other roles. His acting lacks the subtlety of Miss LeGallienne's and the hint of deep inner venom, of which there should be at least some slight trace and which Miss Klein puts so effectively into her work. His continued emanation of sweetness and light loosens the dramatic structure a bit by making his interpretation seem more or less unconvincing.

The acting of the lesser roles gives that of the principal players fine support. I especially like Beverly Roberts as the girl Uncle Harry loves, and Nona, or was it Nora, the family maid. In the latter small role Miss Leona Roberts gives us quite a nice bit of "business" in the contrast between the phlegm with which she at first accepts the atmosphere of Uncle Harry's home and the realism with which she goes to pieces when she finally realizes what is going on there.

Wauna Paul carries her slight role very well, and so does Colville Dunn in his small part as the governor. I lost trace of A. P. Kaye in the general excitement, but he is always a fine actor.

All in all, an evening at the Broadhurst is extremely well worth having these early summer nights, after our recent dearth of good plays. I predict that *Uncle Harry* will be with us for a long run. It gives us all the shivers we are used to from good melodrama, and throws in one or two we haven't had before—especially in those moments when Miss LeGallienne takes command of the final big scene in the Governor's office.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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## FILMS

**TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT.** The early struggles of famous institutions, like the early struggles of famous men, constitute a "natural" for the architects of drama. This film, portraying the humble beginnings of West Point, creates automatically a compelling contrast with the institution's later career of eminent achievement. In addition to this unearned atmosphere, there is a great deal of earned matter, begotten by the nimble direction of Henry Hathaway, competent acting and a script completely free of anemia. Some twenty years after the Revolutionary War, when two factions in Congress clash over the advisability of continuing West Point, a compromise is effected, whereby appropriations are made for one test year, the final decision to hang on that year's operations. The Commandant (Laird Cregar), a foe of the academy, afflicts the cadets with planned brutality in an effort to force their resignations and thus prove the futility of the institution. He pulls no punches. Making the modern West Point-Notre Dame football fracas seem like parlor charades is a sequence showing a game of Indian la crosse; and a mass punishment called "riding the cannon" leaves the observer limp with emotion. There is a love story involving George Montgomery, John Sutton and Maureen O'Hara, and a battle with Tecumseh's Indians. Cregar's inhuman policy fails. The Point survives to produce a long list of heroes, many of whom are shown in the finale of this exciting film for the family. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**JUKE GIRL.** The battle of farmers with a monopolist who seeks to control the marketing of their products is pictured, with a liberal dash of romance added. Lured by a seasonal farming boom, Ronald Reagan and Richard Whorf migrate to Cat Tail, Fla., and fall in love with Ann Sheridan, a juke singer who has "juke blood in her veins." Ann likes Ronald but not farm life, and wedding bells seem doomed. Her juke blood is finally reconciled to agricultural pursuits, however, when she and Ronald, unjustly suspected of murder, are dragged from jail by a lynching mob. The juke girl and the young farmer are saved just in the nick of time, as so often happens, and then come the bells. This adult film, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, has its tense moments. It also has some double entendre repartee. (Warners)

**MISS ANNIE ROONEY.** "Will Shirley Temple, grown-up, be the same box-office champion she was as an infant?" This film leaves the question still unanswered. The truth is Shirley is here entangled with a story that leans toward the featherweight side. The budding adolescent, quite charming, quite modern in her jive and jitterbug knowledge, lives with her father and retired-cop grandfather, two synthetic screen Irishmen. A puppy romance breaks out between herself and wealthy Dickie Moore, and Shirley is kissed. Her get-rich-quick father is making rubber out of milkweed and his efforts to interest Dickie's father embarrass Shirley no end. However, the milkweed rubber lands in the money, and Shirley is proud. The film, directed by Edwin Marin, affords fair family entertainment. (United Artists)

**MEET THE STEWARTS.** Love may laugh at locksmiths, but, as this film demonstrates, a low-bracket budget soon wipes the smile off love's face. A youth of modest salary weds a rich man's daughter after she has promised to live within hubby's income. Her frantic efforts to do so set off numerous amusing situations until at length, budget-crazed, she runs out on her spouse. Her eventual return to him and the budget furnishes clinching evidence that it must be love. William Holden and Frances Dee, directed by Alfred W. Green, evolve a diverting little domestic comedy for adults. (Columbia)  
JOHN A. TOOMEY



# CORRESPONDENCE

## YOUR MOVE NEXT

EDITOR: I am taking the liberty of writing you on behalf of the service men here at the Air Station with regard to Catholic periodicals.

Any amount of non-sectarian magazines and periodicals are strewn over the tables in the library, but no sign of Catholic literature is to be found among the mass.

I observed this to an officer and he replied that these articles were sent free of charge and that Catholic publishers did not take the opportunity to do the same. The answer was fool-proof, although I did make some lame excuse in defense. Why should this condition exist? Why can't we Catholics be as indefatigable in spreading good, sound and wholesome reading matter as the sects are in spreading literature not too wholesome nor at times of any consequence. I'm sure that a few copies of AMERICA would be appreciated by all.

Argentig, Newfoundland.

DANIEL M. DiSENSO

## FACTORY CHAPLAINS APPLAUDED

EDITOR: Sincere congratulations of your "Factory Chaplain" idea. It could be carried out easily here on our noon lunch time in the very respectful seclusion of our I.B.M. School, which is not used on Sundays. We have Catholics from six parishes here and from four surrounding towns, all obliged to get to work at 7 A.M., and to stay on till 6 P.M.

That's a long Sunday and the nearest Catholic church (four blocks away) is only making it longer for us by a "duck-out" Mass at 6.30 or a "duck-in" Mass at 11.

Some of us were used to noonday Masses in the big towns. Is Mass different in Washington, Toledo or Rochester? Or is our Church limited by apple trees? One of our boys has a brother, an Army Chaplain, now saying three Masses every Sunday. He was a parish priest like ours here. Why can't one of ours give us a third Mass at noon in the factory? We are war-workers more than soldiers in camp, who do very little work, especially on Sunday!

We are told we are fighting for freedom to practise our religion. How about it? And how about equal rights for Catholics everywhere in the United States?

New York

JOHN A. CARMODY

## VARIA FROM CAMP

EDITOR: AMERICA comes regularly each week. It is a welcome and stimulating gift. It may amuse you to know that the wrapper for the magazine is addressed to Rev. Maurice F. O'Reilly. That always causes much hilarity at mail call. To me, the only time that title seems apt is when I am running the new obstacle course, designed to "get us in shape." Never in my life have I felt like a cleric. But, as I approach that last eight-foot wall after traversing hurdles, ditches, trenches and streams which only a demon could create, I feel very much as a dignified, very mature Monsignor looks on Sunday at the end of eleven o'clock Mass.

AMERICA is welcome for many reasons. It is good reading, for one thing. And its recent issues have shown me that some sections of the Catholic thought-group are almost radical in their thinking on such issues as labor, national politics and the inevitable post-war problems.

Although I have never pronounced it in "polite" circles, for the last few years I have been quite "radical," so much so that I was horribly shocked and disappointed at the Russian-German pact of 1939. It is an agreeable

surprise to discover that Catholic "thinking" of the kind I admire is getting some vocal representation these days. Of course, this is merely a confession that I read very little of AMERICA during the past four or five years.

You may be interested to know that the Chaplains are doing a good job here. The chapels, which are shared by the Catholic, Protestant and in some cases Jewish Chaplains, are all well supplied with organs, decorations, etc. I think the plan on this post is to have a chapel for every 2,000 men. We have Mass twice on Sunday and some devotions during the week. Both the Catholic and Protestant Chaplains have assembled choirs. I think the average soldier gets more "religion" here than at home.

Before I was moved about a month ago, my barrack mate who slept on my left spent much of his time trying to persuade me to join his psalm singing meetings twice a week. He not only conducted the meetings, but went through the whole company asking each man to come out. Unfortunately for him, the company is composed of New Yorkers, Philadelphians and residents of New Jersey. He is a Baptist. I think he found four co-religionists in the company.

Several sergeants and my co-workers have come in here in the last few minutes to cast longing looks at this typewriter. To give them a chance I shall have to quit.

Southern Camp

M. F. O'R.

## TOO LIBERAL REVIEWER

EDITOR: Anent Mr. Holubowicz' benignant *Reviewers Explain* in the May 2 issue of AMERICA, may I be allowed a few animadversions on Sterling North, literary editor of the Chicago *Daily News*?

Presumably, from the tone of that kindly article, we are to include Mr. North himself among those modern book critics: "the liberal and tolerant breed." (That magnanimous title is conferred on his confrères by Mr. North.)

Now, strange as it may seem, I have frequently noted a certain ugly penchant of Mr. North's for jibing and sneering at religion in the columns of his book reviews. Rather recently, after a patronizing review of Dr. Adler's latest work on a phase of Thomism, Mr. North concluded rather typically: "Ho, hum. I don't think I'll take the veil after all."

I have before me Mr. North's April 8 review of Manuel Komroff's book, *In the Years of Our Lord*. In his comments on the work, Mr. North went completely out of his way to pen a most vicious (though superficially urbane) attack on the very existence of the historic Christ. Let me quote a revealing line from the same review:

Whereas a century ago the greatest minds of the time and many of the greatest prose stylists were still firm believers, such combinations of belief and first-rate intelligence have grown exceedingly rare with a concomitant decline in the quality of religious writing.

The review is too blasphemously offensive to quote from more fully.

From that type of "the liberal and tolerant" breed, O, Lord, deliver us! !

Chicago, Ill.

JOHN MULLIN

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

## JESSICA DRAGONETTE

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## EVENTS

THINGS were not so quiet during the week. . . . Police were active. . . . In New York, an officer, chasing three suspects, shot himself in the thigh, the suspects escaping uninjured. . . . A St. Louis patrolman, after colliding with a truck, arrested himself on charges of careless driving. . . . In Staten Island, a man snored in court, was held in \$200 bail for disturbing the peace. . . . In an Eastern recruiting office, Christopher Columbus joined the United States Navy. Mr. Columbus, who was born in Pittsburgh, revealed that Buffalo police once locked him up when he informed them he was Christopher Columbus. . . . Adolph Hitler, of Moscow, Mich., was arrested as a spy in Detroit. . . . In London, Eng., a baby girl, born as the all-clear signal sounded, was christened *Siren*. . . . The custom under which people in difficulties plead extenuating circumstances was continued. . . . An Easterner, apprehended for turning in a false fire alarm, told this to the judge: "I saw smoke in the sky. I figured the Japs were coming and that the best thing to do was to call out the Fire Department." Unmoved, His Honor remarked: "Fifty dollars' fine." . . . The Iowa Tax Commission received a communication replying to one of its notices about overdue income taxes. The communication read: "I can't do much for you right now as I am tied up here in the penitentiary for a while. In fact, I won't be able to do anything about it until after 1946." . . . In Chicago, a citizen sued for divorce on grounds of cruelty. He explained to the bench that his wife was cruel because she refused to divorce him. . . . The antiquity of the crusade against hay fever was emphasized as a New York City Councilman dug up from the archives an ordinance passed on July 7, 1691. The ordinance, under the title: "Weedes," read: "Ordered: that the poysonous and stincking weedes within this Citty before euery ones doore be forthwith pluckt up upon the forfeiture of 3 shillings on neglecte thereof." . . .

Mistakes erupted. . . . A newspaper, dropping a comma, wrote of a famous Hollywood actress as follows: "Born in Japan at the age of three, she moved to the United States." . . . Romance blossomed. A soldier quartered in a civic auditorium in Oregon noticed a telephone in the corridor and decided to call his sweetheart in Baltimore. His commanding officer revealed that he would have to hand over ninety-nine dollars from his pay for the call. . . . A fifty-seven-year-old California farmer wrote to the War Production Board: "I want to get married, but the lady says I must have a bathroom. With her help I can and will turn out thirty to forty cases of eggs per week. Won't you please allow me to purchase a bathroom set? Have one ordered but they referred me to you. After working all day in this desert heat, in a dirty chicken yard, a man should be entitled to a bath." . . . The WPB promised to give the request consideration. . . .

An Eastern experiment station is increasing the production of eggs by placing chickens in a blacked-out laboratory and giving them fourteen hours of artificial daylight followed by twelve hours of darkness. Their "day" is thus lengthened by two hours. . . . The chickens, who regard the fourteen hours of electric light as a real day, are not the only creatures being deceived by an artificial atmosphere. . . . Godless education, numerous best-selling books, plays, magazine articles, lecturers have fashioned a fake spiritual "day," and placed millions of human beings in a vast laboratory that is blacked-out from God's truth. . . . Somewhat after the manner of the chickens, these human beings regard the irreligious "daylight" as the real thing. . . . They live and die in an atmosphere that is not real.

THE PARADER